

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

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REPORT OF THE COSMOPOLITAN'S SPECIAL COMMISSIONER TO INDIA.

THE HORRORS OF THE PLAGUE IN INDIA.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—In January of this year the reports from India had become most distressing as to the inroads which were being made by plague and famine. It was of importance to the entire world that the truth should be told regarding the actual conditions there. Moreover, the story of India has always been related to us by British pens. Americans have passed through, on trips of pleasure, and sketched the country in light vein; but up to this time no American had been sent out to seriously investigate the people and their surroundings, with American eyes.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne was selected as the gentleman most likely to view things intelligently and fair-mindedly, who was at the same time the possessor of such a clever literary style as would enable the readers of THE COSMOPOLITAN to see through his eyes. Early in February he accepted the invitation of THE COSMOPOLITAN to undertake this dangerous mission. At a farewell dinner, given the day before he sailed, more than thirty leading representatives, not only of the literary, journalistic and artistic world, but of finance and of the church, assembled to say an encouraging, but very serious good-bye, for every one recognized that such an investigation was no child's play.

After three months' absence, Mr. Hawthorne has safely returned, and the result of his labors is given in the series of papers of which this is the first. It is evident from even a hasty reading of his manuscript that he has received every courtesy and attention from the official world of India, and that he views the results of their rule with the kindest eye. And yet, reading between the lines, we are compelled

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to recognize that, if Mr. Hawthorne is a competent observer, British rule in India is of the clumsiest and least intelligent order. The impression made upon the mind from reading the story here told is that the government has been administered with a view to revenue, rather than by minds deeply intent on giving happiness to the hundreds of millions of India—by well-meaning, indifferently-educated, haphazard officials, who want to avoid mutiny and such civil troubles as would scandalize Christendom, while collecting the revenues carefully and getting all the personal enjoyment possible out of their own clubs and limited foreign society.

All sorts of little problems seem to have been taken up in a fair-enough-minded way; but the great problem of these millions of almost helpless creatures, with its plan solving their destinies upon the broadest social principles, seems scarcely, if at all, to have been touched—though, it is, perhaps, not quite fair for us to criticise too severely, at this distance, these servants of government, who are doubtless doing their best with the facilities at their command.

But of England—the nation—we have the right to demand: "Why should this be so?"

The mental and physical photographs which Mr. Hawthorne has brought back are pictures of inconceivable conditions. Doubtless similar horrors have existed in the world's history, but no record has been left sufficiently authentic to bring them vividly to our understandings. In the photographs, two of which are used as a frontispiece in this number, and more of which will be given in the next issue, to illustrate Mr. Hawthorne's account of the famine, there is told a story of human misery and suffering beyond which nothing more terrible can be pictured. It is said that millions of people are thus slowly perishing of want while their fellow-subjects, ruled by the same Gracious Queen and Empress, are preparing to spend in display enough millions of pounds to save the loss of every life.

What is this sham of a Christianity which knows of these horrors and yet fails to raise its hand in protest? What is this sham of a civilization which countenances such inequalities? What is this boasted society which, by its heartless expenditures at such a time, proves itself so innately vulgar?

I. PRELIMINARY.

Rumors of famine and plague in India had become so portentous, and withal contradictory, that the faithful report of an eye-witness was thought desirable. Americans would wish to know whether any

peril of pestilence threatened the Western hemisphere, and whether relief to the starving could be given by our people; so I accepted the commission to travel East in search of more light on these and cognate matters, and to tell what I might learn as simply, concisely and im-



A PATIENT IN THE PAREL PLAGUE HOSPITAL.



HOUSE WHERE PLAGUE WAS ESPECIALLY FATAL, SHOWN BY RINGS AND CROSSES.

partially as I could—impartially, because many thought that India was England's victim; that her troubles were due to English greed and injustice. I was not likely, at least, to make the worse appear the better reason in England's behalf. Whether or not the blame for the pestilence lay at her door, it did seem as if her energy and resources ought to have prevented famine. On the other hand, sympathy for the perishing thousands must not lead me to belittle or misjudge whatever in England's action or attitude merited praise.

I need not call attention to the picturesque aspect of the subject. India was the reputed first home of our race. After thousands of years the Aryans of the West, changed almost beyond recognition in mind and habit, return to rule over their unchanged brethren. Now the latter, attacked by immense calamities, claim the help and pity of civilized mankind. What may be the hidden purport of this writing on the wall? What unforeseen result shall come from this concentration of the world's attention upon India? Is she to become the stage or occasion of a new epoch of the human race? It is well to open our eyes to the large view, and not to halt in the immediate and particular. But having hinted this, I must not dwell upon it; for it is with the im-

mediate and particular that I have presently to deal.

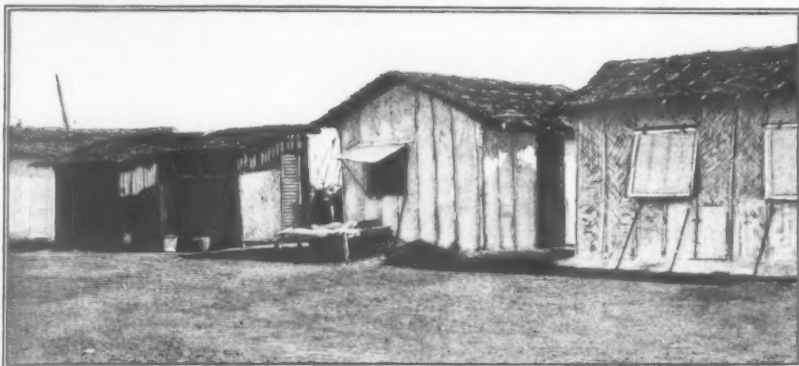
II. FORECASTS.

There were on board our steamer on my trip out men who had served in India many years, in civil or military capacities, whose views were entitled to respect. A man's theories are often alien from his practical beliefs. One kind-hearted officer, who would not have harmed a fly, lamented England's Exeter-Hall policy toward India. The latter was ruined by sentimental humanitarianism. Suttee and infanticide should never have been interfered with—they were a beneficent check upon the increase of population. So had been the constant internecine wars between the various states. Famine and pestilence, again, were blessings thinly disguised; to save these people from plague and starvation was simply to insure misery to millions unborn. They didn't mind dying—they were used to it, and it was good for them.

When England conquered India the population was a hundred and fifty million or less; it was three hundred million now. The country couldn't support them, and the limit of England's resources to feed them gratis would soon be reached. Perennial scarcity was already the normal condition of the greater part of India; the

time was at hand (under present conditions) when actual famine would be not less general. People reduced by low diet, or none at all, are specially accessible to disease. Plague, fever, cholera are direct results of starvation, and all alike are to be laid at the door of Exeter Hall. The colonel's argument was cogent; but when I asked him if he would remedy the wrong by letting the superfluous hundred and fifty million die or destroy one another, he chewed the end of his cheroot and walked away. But it is hard to deny that every addition to the population of India is an additional menace to the life and health of all. I found the colonel's opinions were widely shared, not only on our steamer, but in India, often by men who were at the same moment imperiling

promontory into the western sea. Bombay Island is not unlike Manhattan in shape and size. The population of the "Bazaar," or native town, is about nine hundred thousand, but the buildings containing it are crowded together in a very small area; some single houses are occupied by as many as two thousand persons. The site of the Bazaar is the least salubrious on the island. It lies about where, in Manhattan, would be the region of Corlear's Hook. Beyond it the houses thin away. The island, like Manhattan, lies north and south, but the narrow part is to the north. Here is spread out the European quarter, with large and handsome public buildings, designed in the Gothic style. The streets are wide, connecting immense squares or open places.



PATIENT JUST BROUGHT TO A HOSPITAL.

or sacrificing their own lives in the effort to carry into practical effect the humanitarianism they deplored.

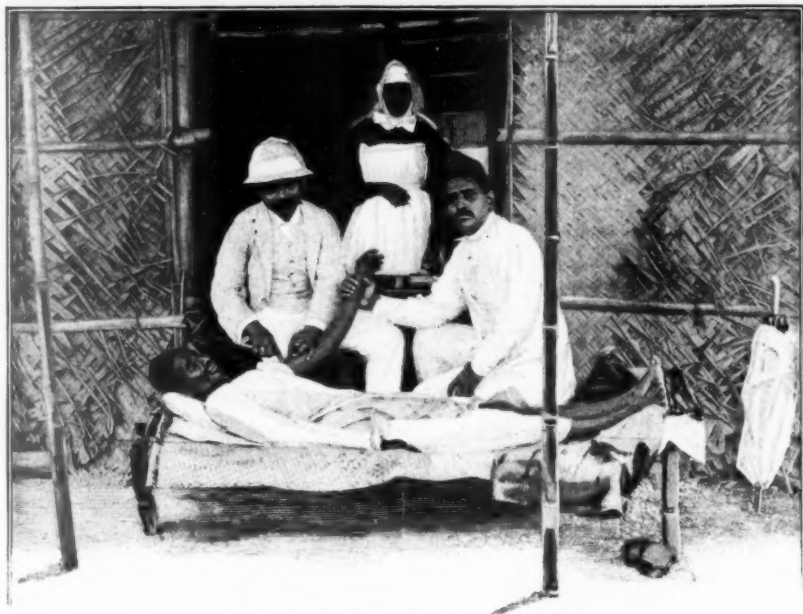
III. THE PLAGUE CITY.

I cannot in this paper attempt any description of India or Indians from the scenic side, deeply though that impresses the fresh observer. But, in order to comprehend the plague in Bombay, something must be premised as to its topography and condition.

The city is built on a mud-flat—an island—the greater part of which hardly rises above high-water mark, and even sinks below it here and there; but an acclivity, about a hundred feet in height, called Malabar Hill, occupied by the government house and the bungalows of wealthy people, extends in the form of a

They are constantly swept and watered. The Bombay and Yacht clubs, the hotels, and many large shops are in this region. Everywhere passes to and fro a mixed and incongruous population, Asiatic and European, naked and clothed. The sun blazes down upon it all, and the air is moist and languorous.

The steamer on which I journeyed reached the city early in March, about the beginning of the hot season. The thermometer in Bombay seldom shows a temperature above ninety-eight degrees, but the atmosphere is always miasmatic and feverish, and the humidity makes the heat far more debilitating than the scorching suns of the arid interior country. It is not too much to say that no white man living in Bombay can ever be or feel entirely well. The air is poisonous. The poison



DR. DE MONTE INOCULATING A PLAGUE VICTIM.

may act quickly or slowly on individuals, but it always acts.

A yellowish haze overspread sea and land as we entered the harbor, accompanied by a faint, sickly smell. The sun, an hour above the horizon, glared down whitely on the placid water. A few lateen-sailed boats swung idly on the glossy undulations. The big public buildings of the city seemed to rest directly upon the water. The wharves were deserted.

I drove to the hotel in a yellow-bodied, four-wheeled buggy or ghari, with a turbaned ragamuffin on the box, a bony but tough pony, with an Arab strain in him, between the shafts, and India under foot.

The streets were wide and there were few people in them. All were loosely clad, many were half-naked, and not a few (barring the loin-cloth) entirely so. But everything looked clean, and the smooth thoroughfares were well watered. Huge and handsome Gothic stone buildings extended their lengths in the sun, and there were broad squares, and ranks of banyan trees, with dusty leaves. This was the European quarter.

My hotel stood on the corner of one of

the squares; a many-storied structure, encompassed with verandas—in most respects the worst hotel in my mortal experience. The front steps and pavement adjoining were sprinkled with a very odorous disinfectant; the dead body of a Hindu, rotten with the plague, had been found on the porch the night before. After tiffin (as the Indian luncheon is called) I sat on the veranda watching the performance of a gang of snake charmers and jugglers below, when a queer little procession passed by. A slight, oblong framework of bamboo was supported on the shoulders of four men with girded loins; something lay on it, swathed in white cloths, which fluttered in the hot breeze. The bearers hastened along, light-footed as jackals; a man preceded them at a distance of a few paces, and four or five others followed behind—a draggle-tailed retinue. The whole thing came and passed so swiftly and noiselessly, and the people in the street paid it such scant notice, that after the little cloud of white dust raised by its transit had subsided, I could almost have believed it was an illusion produced by the jugglers. But it was a very real fact;

the first plague funeral of my experience. It was one of many thousands; the smoke of the burnings continually arose on the borders of the bay toward Malabar Hill. The Mohammedan funerals were a little more noisy and conspicuous, but similar in general character. The Parsis are more ceremonious and imposing, but you must go to the Towers of Silence to see them.

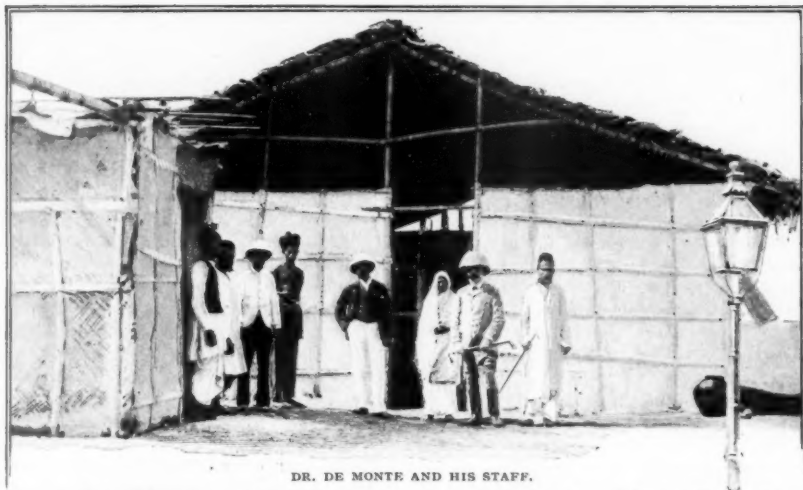
In spite of these overt signs of pestilence it would be possible to reside in Bombay for months and never suspect that anything unusual was going on. A stranger would not know that the city is half depopulated—the people on the streets look quiet and comfortable; no sounds of lamentation are to be heard; those light-footed funeral processions easily slip by unobserved, and have none of the black-robed deliberation which we associate with the passage of death. If you abstained from reading the local newspapers (and you might do so without crippling your mind) and from introducing the topic of the plague in your conversation, you might pass through the midst of it every day and know nothing of the matter. The life of the living closes over it like water, and leaves no apparent scar. These fatalists seem to

feel little, and they say less. They close the door of yesterday, and do not open to-morrow's.

I began my investigations with a drive through the Bazaar, or native quarter. The narrow, irregular streets lie between queer buildings, misplaced, uneven, grotesque, salient with odd features: some low, some high, their fronts and roofs balconied, hooded, gabled, crowding upon the sky, the eccentric lines of structure defined in various colors; over them glared down the blinding Indian sun, casting strange shadows. The houses pushed out lawless corners into the street; they overhung the way, pressing against one another or gaping asunder in crooked crevices. Glancing through low-browed doorways you caught glimpses of fetid inner courts, encrusted with immemorial filth, into which sunlight never penetrated nor fresh air breathed. Innumerable windows looked down, open or shuttered, retiring beneath jutting roofs or protected by railed balconies; they framed turbaned heads and brown, subtle faces. On the street opened oblong cavities, the booths of the East, full of strange wares, dusty and dingy, with merchants lean and fat squatting amid them, their swarthy knees above their ears.



STREET IN BOMBAY AFTER THE EXODUS.



DR. DE MONTE AND HIS STAFF.

Some of these men, worth millions of rupees, presided over shops as mean in aspect as that of the very humblest huckster.

But though the population seemed abundant, I observed that many of the booths were closed; the shutters were up; the blinds of the windows above were made fast; the fronts of entire ranks of buildings had been hastily whitewashed, obliterating the picturesque diversity of color. Upon the door-jambs were painted innumerable red circles and crosses—plague and death. These sinister marks were by no means restricted to the poorer houses; many of the most pretentious were scarred with them. Death, unseen and silent, was all about me; it burrowed in the soil; it hid behind the walls; it hovered in the air; it lurked in the squalid nudity of the swarthy figures that thronged the narrow ways, squatted at the street corners, crouched within the shadows of booths. I gazed at the quaint façades—behind how many of them were hidden dying or dead victims? The seeming-indifferent life of the city, in the noonday intensity of light, shadow and color, eddied and circulated, babbled and stared amid places of death; in and out stole the merciless Pestilence, marking down here a man, there a woman, yonder a child, for its victims of to-day, to-morrow, or a week hence. Gradually I understood the fearfulness of the Plague:

it is an infernal spirit, suffered for a season to walk the earth and deal destruction.

IV. HOUSE-TO-HOUSE VISITATION.

Hunting down the plague is a ghastly business. The circumstances and details of the pursuit could hardly be more redolent of horror and loathsomeness. There is something sacred, too, in these noisome abysses of human misery, and a certain callousness must be acquired in order to deal with them effectively.

The daily series of visits is accomplished as rapidly and with as little forewarning as may be, so as to give the people no time to put themselves on guard. The personnel of the visiting party includes doctors, male and female, civil and military officers, and interested civilians, with a fringe of police and attendants to keep order and to effect removals, destroy bedding and clothing, and apply white-wash, as orders may be given. The visitors meet with every kind of evasion and passive opposition. Their aim, of course, is to get at the sick and the dead, and to put the former in the hospitals and the latter wherever they will do the least harm; the aim of the people is to hide both dead and dying by every device that ingenuity or desperation suggests. It is probable that the hidiers are successful four times where the seekers are once. The occasions on which deceptions are

detected give a notion of the multitude that remain unknown. The effort to check the plague is like fighting in deep water to save a man resolved to drown himself. The labor is enormous, the issue well-nigh hopeless; but the English never relax; they make good their claim to be the best rulers in the world. After the exhaustion of each day's work they "tub," dress and meet at the club; they discuss the work and the prospects with grim cheerfulness, and next day at dawn are out and at it once more. Now and then one or other of them drops and is seen no more. Little is said about him; the work goes on just the same. Duty is the Anglo-Indian's god.

I shall not give a detailed account of what I saw; there was a monotony underlying it all; the experiences of one day resembled those of another; the vein of

vestigation proved to extend downward to a depth of no less than five feet. This huge and festering mass of coagulated filth had been accumulating unchecked, deep down in that pit of human habitations, for fifty years past. The heat, quite apart from the poison of the atmosphere, was stifling and intolerable; there could never be any movement of air in this place, nor could the sunlight penetrate its hideous depths. But the windows of three-score living-rooms opened upon it, and this was the atmosphere which the inhabitants drew into their lungs day and night. Daniel in the den of lions escaped unscathed; but the miracle would have seemed greater had he passed a night in this pit of hell.

The people who crept and peeped about the place assured us that sickness of any kind was quite unknown in this savory



HINDU CORPSE READY FOR CREMATION.

revoltingness ran through them all. Sometimes the accompanying crowd seemed amused; sometimes they seemed alarmed; sometimes angry; in general, they did what they could, or dared, to impede and mislead the workers.

A house was marked down for visitation in the midst of the Bazaar. You could not see anything of it from the street; it was screened by other houses; but it was large enough to contain six hundred people. It was built round an interior court, perhaps five and twenty feet square; the four walls inclosing it went staggering upward, story above story, so that we seemed to stand at the bottom of a well. But what a well! The place, even here beneath the open sky, smelt like a cess-pool. The ground under foot was boggy and foul; it was composed of dung and rotten matter of all kinds, and upon in-

retreat. At the same time they admitted that several families were at the moment on a visit to their friends in the country, and had locked up their apartments. Hereupon orders were given to inspect the house from top to bottom, and to break open all closed doors unless keys were promptly forthcoming. Policemen had already been stationed at the exits of the building to prevent unauthorized escapes.

It was all kindly done; but that noise of forcing locks and breaking doors had a cruel and hostile effect. The beneficent objects in view were explicitly set forth, but the thronging brown faces listened with expressions of helpless incredulity or hopeless resignation. They believed that within the velvet scabbard was hidden a scimitar of steel.

The harvest of disease and death reaped in that single house was terribly large.



A WEALTHY MOHAMMEDAN PATIENT AND HIS ATTENDANTS.

Every room entered was dark, and the breath that came from it was unbreathable. Some were empty; three contained each but a single occupant—two were dead and one was dying. In one room, at the end of a stifling and lightless corridor, down which we had groped and stumbled, feeling along the filthy walls for possible doors, we found a mother and her baby locked in and left to die alone. The woman was barely able to move, but with her last strength she covered with a fold of her sari the body of her infant, lest it should be seen and taken away from her. There was no food or water in the room; there was a number of rats, all dead. The floor was uneven with the compacted grease, rubbish, and excrementitious filth of years, and in the dull flash of the lantern there could be discerned an obscure scuttling of obscene insects, disturbed at their banquet.

Now, the family and neighbors of this mother and her child had complacently locked them up there in the darkness and horror to die a lingering and tortured death; they had done so with the victims' full privity and consent, and the reason was that both parties to the transaction preferred such an end to accepting the light, air, cleanliness and devoted nursing which the government offered them. If caste, superstition and ignorance can bring the descendants of a mighty race to this, what lower depth remains for them? And is this the ultimate goal of our clever contemporary Theosophists? One wishes

the Mahatmas would come to Bombay and demonstrate to these turgid English how much better than Christianity is the esoteric doctrine.

A locked room, which had been declared by inmates of the house to be empty, was forcibly entered. It was pitch-dark, but the effluvium that came out of it, and a stirring within, showed that it was inhabited. Our lantern had gone out, and had been sent to be refilled. "How many are here?" demanded the leader of the party. "Nine, sahib," was the answer out of the darkness, after a pause. "Are there any sick?" "None, sahib." "Stand up against the wall that I may count you." There was a shuffling of feet, and our eyes, now partly accustomed to the darkness, could dimly discern a range of figures. The inspector stepped toward them, and laid his hand upon the breast of one after another. There were nine. We might have passed on; but at this moment the lantern was brought up.



BURNING A CORPSE.

The inspector took it and threw its light along the group. "That man is sick!" he exclaimed after a moment, pointing to a drooping shape that was being obviously supported by those next to him. The suspected one was brought out and examined. He was not sick, but dead, and had been so for some hours.

For the other case I cannot personally vouch. A room was opened and half a dozen persons were discovered squatting in a circle on the floor, absorbed in a cheerful game of cards. A light, consisting of a strand of some vegetable substance burning in a pannikin of oil, hung from the wall, throwing a deep shadow over the faces of three of the group. One does not expect a man stricken with plague to take part in a game of cards; but the practiced eye of one of the visitors marked something constrained in the attitude of one of the players; he seemed too deeply absorbed in the game. In truth, he was the subject of the game, not a participant in it. When the light was thrown upon his face, it showed the awful features of a stark and rotting corpse.

V. HOSPITALS.

How many hospitals there may now be in Bombay I know not. New ones were being added weekly and almost daily while I was there. Three big ones in different quarters of the city would have been enough; but the difficulties of caste had to be met, and each patient relegated, so far as possible, to his or her own kind. The cooking must be done either by persons of the same caste as the patients or higher—I suppose the Brahmans could have cooked for anybody except some of themselves. No doubt one might be too sick to know whether they were being profaned or not; but it is wonderful to note how vital the caste instinct is in this

people; it seems to die, if at all, only just before the body, and not seldom it might be said to survive it.

I will speak here of two—types of their kind. First, the so-called Servants' Hospital, on made land, adjoining the docks: near at hand was a coal wharf, and black hills of coal were heaped up close by, the dust from which blew over the little buildings, when the breeze was westerly, and smutted the clean garments of the nurses. Four sheds, made of matting stretched on bamboo frames and whitewashed were ranged side by side, facing the bay. These constituted the hospital wards. A range of smaller huts behind them served to accommodate the friends of the patients,

the workers, the dispensary and the kitchen; the dead-house was removed a few rods to the north. The aspect of all was clean and airy. Each ward contained four beds, and could have held more. These beds were made of an oblong piece of wire-gauze fastened to a bamboo frame, supported on four stakes about two feet high; each patient was provided with a brown army blanket. The nurses—men and women, native and European—passed from cot to



RECEIVING A PLAGUE PATIENT AT THE BANDORA HOSPITAL.

cot, taking temperature, dressing bubos, adjusting coverings, giving medicine or food. Their demeanor was quiet, kindly and cheerful—the kind of cheerfulness which nurses acquire who are continually in the presence of suffering and death.

In the first ward—its sole occupant—lay a middle-aged Hindu, with a blanket drawn up to his shoulders, and a piece of white mosquito-netting thrown over his face to shield him from the flies, which sought to settle upon the sores that disfigured his throat and chest. He was drawing his breath with difficulty, in stertorous gasps, which heaved up the

folds of the blanket under which his wasted body lay. The attendant pulled aside the netting; there were patches of black on his pinched brown face; his eyes were open and shining, but fixed; he did not notice us or change his posture. "He will die before sunset," remarked the doctor, replacing the netting; "the disease has taken the pneumonic form in his case." We passed on and left him to die.

In the next ward every cot was occupied. In the first lay an aged woman, a girl of twenty, her daughter, crouched

in high fever, his eyes half-closed. He seemed exceeding weak. When the doctor laid a hand on his shoulder and spoke to him, however, he feebly looked up, and slowly and with difficulty brought his fingers to his forehead, and muttered, "Salaam, sahib!" "Will he die?" I asked. The doctor nodded.

Another youth lay near him, sighing, turning, with scared, distended eyes; black bubos showed on both sides of his neck. But the crisis of the disease was yet to come for him; possibly he would survive. A man of forty in the next



STREET IN BOMBAY BEFORE THE PLAGUE.

beside her, brushing away the flies in a tender, protective manner; she glanced up at us mistrustfully. The old woman lay quite still, with closed eyes, her gaunt features fixed in terrible immobility. I thought her already dead; but the doctor said: "No, she may get well. Old people recover oftener than young ones. What you see is only the exhaustion proper to the disease. Of course she might die of heart failure."

On an adjoining cot lay a boy of seventeen. He had thrown off the covering from his bony legs and lay on his side,

bed had, like so many others, been brought in too late; he was suffering intensely, it seemed, and in mind no less than in body; there was a glare of awful horror in his eyes. His struggle would soon be past.

We entered the third ward, where the convalescents were. A bright-looking young fellow was half sitting up in his cot; his features had all the fineness and harmony of the better Hindu type; his aspect was intelligent and confident. "That boy," observed the doctor, "made up his mind to get well, and he'll do it."

There were two or three others, likewise in a more or less hopeful condition.

The dispensary hut was clean and orderly; a native assistant was in charge. So far as a visitor could judge, all the arrangements and procedure of this little hospital were as well-conceived and as efficient as they could be. All was done that could be done for the people. Often the latter

come for treatment too late; often they refuse medicine or inoculation, and by far the greater part of them die—there is no cure for the plague. But the almost hopeless fight is steadfastly maintained; and, at least, it is better that the victims should die here than in the hideous surroundings which they would choose for themselves.

I now drove several miles up the island, to the newly-started government house hospital at Parel, given for the purpose by Lord Sandhurst. We entered spacious grounds through a handsome gateway. The house is a huge, irregular building, with spreading wings and a lofty columnal portico, with broad steps ascending to it. The wings are one story in height; the central portion three. This place had been for many years the palace and headquarters of the governors of Bombay, but for a long time past had stood unoccupied, the governors preferring more salubrious quarters on the seaward promontory of Malabar Hill.

Here, where once was displayed the splendor, beauty and gallantry of state balls and banquets, are now ranged rows of cots, each with a dark, dwindling figure lying in it; while in and out between them move the nurses and the doctors, and long-robed sisters of mercy, with white hoods and pale, impassive faces. The patients are allowed the luxury of sheets as well as blankets. The hospital was but just opened and contained less than a hundred patients, though there was accommodation for several times as many.



CORPSE OF A WOMAN SHOWING BUBOS ON THE NECK.

General Gatacre had arrived just before me with his staff, who looked far more fagged out on that sweltering March afternoon than he. He is a lean, sinewy, sanguine, athletic man of four and fifty, but looks not more than forty. Indomitable energy is written on every feature and in every gesture. His mind, I should judge, is quick, penetrating and cogent rather

than broad; and the sense of humor, which oils the machinery of human affairs, is, I fancy, conspicuous in the gallant gentleman by its absence. But no one could help liking and respecting him at sight for his transparent honesty and sturdy manhood.

The general was present chiefly to determine what accommodations should be given to the deputation of three Russian savants who had come to study the plague, and required a laboratory where subjects were accessible. I had enjoyed the advantage of traveling from Brindisi with these gentlemen—one of them, who, on the voyage, had been a spare, powerful, clear-complexioned personage, seemed strangely altered; he was puffy of countenance and moved with singular awkwardness; his fine complexion had broken out in an unsightly eruption. It transpired that the devotion to science of this professor had induced him to inoculate himself with plague-serum. He wore the same heavy suit of black clothes in which he had left St. Petersburg, where the temperature was twenty degrees below zero. His head was covered by an enormous pith hat. "Do you feel any irritation of the skin, professor?" inquired General Gatacre, with courteous curiosity. "Yes," replied the other, with a melancholy Slavonic smile; "but it is no use to scratch one place—I itch all over." At a later stage of the proceedings the heroic professor became faint, and had to be helped to a carriage.

Outside, in the "compound," where in

olden times men and women of renown once strolled and chattered in the fêtes champêtres, and gathered in brilliant groups beneath the marquees, a number of cots, on which people had lately died, were set out to be disinfected by sun and air; and in an out-of-the-way corner, upon a bier, something stiff and motionless was outlined beneath a white sheet. Covered wagons drove up occasionally to the great porte cochère, and deposited dismayed and moribund patients, newly rescued from their wretched homes.

A native attendant with whom I talked said that although the people were so unwilling to come to hospital, yet after having been brought there they became unwilling to leave. Many arrive, he said, who have not got the plague; but their

the abodes of the more prosperous middle-class merchants. Such as they were, they had for their owners the same value and associations that our homes have for us. It is not surprising that they object to having them annihilated or even "desecrated" by profane approach. It is no sinecure—this business of ruling India.

VI. THE RESTAURANT OF THE VULTURES.

I visited the Parsi "Towers of Silence," but there is little to be said about them that is not written in the guide-books. A steep road cut in the trap rock brings you to the summit of Malabar Hill. The sides of the cutting are oozing with moisture and green with ferns; cocoa palms grow everywhere. At the foot of



BANDORA HOSPITAL.

houses have been destroyed and their furniture and clothing burnt; they have nowhere to go; their relatives were dead or had got away to the country. What was to be done with them?

I could not tell him. The number of such cases must be multiplied as time goes on. General Gatacre has his work cut out for him.

As I drove back after dark to my hotel the interiors of the upper rooms of the little booth houses were lit up, revealing their contents. Some were almost bare; others decorated in a grotesque and tawdry manner, with a profusion of red paper lanterns, pictures (mostly colored prints), cheap ornaments of all kinds, hanging lamps, small tables, weapons, rugs and draperies. These were

the final ascent you leave your carriage and proceed on foot. Passing the gate, after showing your card of admission, you find yourself in a large, park-like place, with gardens carefully kept. The Parsis of Bombay are a wealthy community, and own several hundred acres of land in this vicinity, covering the most desirable sites on the island. It is all a private park, free to Parsis only, where the relatives of the deceased may stroll about to indulge their grief and enjoy the prospect.

The towers occupy the highest ground. They are smaller than I had expected. The largest is not, I should think, more than twenty paces in diameter. With the exception of the oldest, which is oblong, they are rounded walls of stuccoed mason-

ry, twenty feet or more in height. The interiors cannot be seen except by going into them, which is permitted to no visitors. All round the circular rims sit the vultures, shoulder to shoulder; they appeared stupid and inert (as well they might), and did not fly away at my approach. Gorging themselves with plague corpses makes them dull, but does not seem to impair their robust constitutions. The walls are white with their droppings. Even the Parsi method fails entirely to do away with the relics of mortality; and as I contemplated the birds themselves, I could not help remembering a certain profane jingle in the "Bab Ballads." The ancestors of the Parsis are beaked and feathered!

A few rods east of the towers are the funeral buildings—square stone courts,

entirely naked before being deposited in their places, and in a few minutes nothing but the bones are left. These gradually disintegrate and are drained down into the central pit, whence the debris filters off into underground conduits.

There is a fine view from the terrace over Bombay and the harbor, and a chair from which to look upon it. Among other objects visible from this vantage-ground is an enclosure, far down by the sea road, where the Hindus burn their dead, and the smoke of several funeral pyres continually ascends from it and drifts over the harbor.

VII. PLAGUE IN THE VILLAGES.

The plague was very fatal in the villages near Bombay; and by way of completing this survey, I will produce a few



HOSPITAL WHERE MOHAMMEDAN RIOT OCCURRED.

with roofs on low supports. Stone benches environ the interior; metal vessels stand in corners for the ablutions of mourners before prayer and for the use of the corpse-bearers. Gongs are suspended here and there to give signal for ceremonies. These ceremonies are quite elaborate, but I did not see any. They were explained by an aged attendant with the aid of a small wooden model of a tower. Entrance is effected by a small door in the base. The interior is a reversed cone, the sides sloping inwards to a pit in the center. It is divided into several scores of oblong receptacles by lines radiating from the center to the circumference, crossed by concentric circles. The outer receptacles, which are of course the largest, are reserved for male corpses; the next inner for females, and the inmost for children. The corpses are stripped

notes made during a ride through the Bandora group, which will serve as a type of all for hundreds of miles up and down the coast.

I met the local inspectors at the railway station leading a horse which they had kindly provided for me. We made a tour of half a dozen villages, alighting to investigate anything that appeared suspicious. The first and largest of the villages rambles along on either side of a street scarcely wider than an ordinary footpath. The houses were mud huts, whitewashed, or built of a kind of rubble, with the roofs of loose tiles common in India. Cocoa palms were numerous all over the region, and there were solid groves of them outside the settlements, coming down to the water's edge. The inhabitants for the most part professed the Roman Catholic faith; crosses stood at every meeting

of the ways, and priests in black gowns with wide-brimmed black hats stole past us occasionally. Of native inhabitants, however, we saw very few; those who were not in the graveyards had locked up their houses and fled the town. All the houses in which death or sickness had occurred had been already visited by the inspectors, emptied of their contents and disinfected. Those which were still occupied were kept under strict supervision. One which had been occupied the day before was now found to be shut. The inspectors called up a native and questioned him. From his replies it appeared that there had been symptoms of the disease. We dismounted and made an examination. Every door and window was fastened, but by forcing open a blind we were able to see the interior. It was empty of life and of most of the movable furniture; but the floor of dried mud was strewn with the dead carcasses of rats. Undoubtedly the plague had been here. The house was marked for destruction, and we proceeded.

We left the coast and struck across country, emerging at another point, where stood a smaller village, formerly the abode of a colony of Hindu fishermen. Of the entire population one man only was left—an old blind fellow, who sat solitary at the door of his empty hut. The plague had passed him by; he had heard its footsteps all around him; it had taken away all his kith and kin; his fellow-villagers were gone; but there he sat in the sun, thinking his thoughts. I wish I knew what they were! The huts in this village were ruder and more primitive than in the other; they were slightly built of mud and wattle and roofed with palm. Three or four young fellows were occupied as we rode by in stripping off this thatch, so as to allow the purifying sun and air to stream within. In front of one of the low doorways lay a dead cat, with the marks of the plague upon it; another, still alive, but ghastly with the disease, attempted to crawl out of the way. One of us leaped down and put it out of its misery with a blow where the skull joins the spine. It curved itself stiffly back with a horrible convulsion, and was dead. In a bare field beyond the village lay the decaying and swollen remains of a dog. "Bury that!" said the inspector to one of the roof-strippers.

It must not be supposed that all the blind man's townfolk were dead. They were too poor to emigrate and, therefore, the authorities had built a number of huts for them on higher ground beyond, and had moved the survivors (to the number of fifty or more) into it. The huts were of the ordinary "segregation" kind—matting on bamboo frames, with palm-leaf roofs. A crowd of wild-looking people swarmed out at our approach and surrounded us, chattering and gesticulating. They were clad, or unclad, in rags of many colors; their faces were of an untamed, semi-barbarous type; each of them had a story to tell or a complaint to make; the children stared with animal intentness, as children of all kinds will. It was all gibberish to me; so after mixing with the crowd for awhile and getting their measure, I strolled away to the shore, where certain ascending columns of smoke had excited my curiosity.

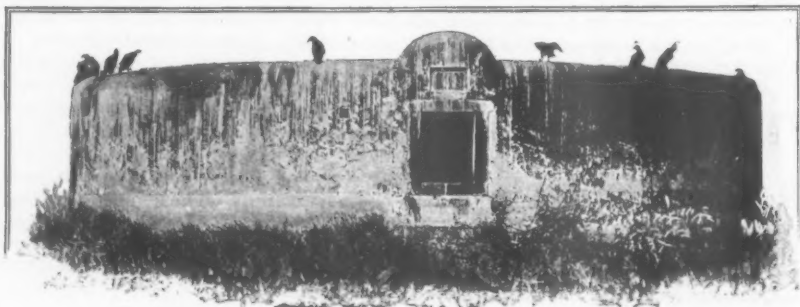
Low, flat ledges of rock extended into the sea. A group of creatures in loin-cloths and red turbans were squatting or moving about between two or three heaps of burning timber. These were made of stout logs piled across one another to a height of about four feet. Half way in the pile was placed a human body; it was not entirely covered by the wood, but a leg projected here, an arm there. The flames blazed up fiercely, their flickering red tongues contrasting with the pale blue of the calm sea beyond. The smoke arose thick and unctuous, and, fortunately, was carried seaward. One of the pyres had burnt down to white ashes, and nothing recognizable as human remained. The people whose bodies were here burned had died in the segregation huts the night before.

The burning of a human body on the shore of the sea cannot help being an impressive spectacle, apart from its many associations, from Shelley to Homer. I must confess, also, that it brought to my mind incongruous memories of the clam-bakes of my youth. But the inspectors were angry, and gave no place to sentiment. A rigorous search for other sick persons was begun, and at length, from one of the huts, a miserable, cowering figure was dragged forth by two unsympathetic natives—a poor old woman, meager in the extreme and already a mass of bubos.

She was manifestly in extreme terror, not knowing what form of torture we might be about to inflict upon her. She lifted her bony arms, and joined her trembling hands before her face in the Oriental posture of supplication. Some white substance resembling cotton wool had been applied to her breast and throat, covering the deadly sores. There was no one belonging to her; she was alone in the world; her people were dead. She kept muttering entreaties, accompanied by terrible attempts to placate us by smiles. What she said was unintelligible, by reason of the bubos in her mouth and throat, which impeded her utterance. The inspectors examined her pityingly, and ordered her to be carried to the hospital, a mile away, and a large basket was produced, and a rope made fast to the handles and passed over a bamboo pole to serve as a palanquin. Meanwhile, she had been fumbling in a fold of her sari, and now drew forth a rupee, which she forthwith offered in good faith to one of the inspectors as an inducement to let her go. He gave a queer laugh, and, turning to me, said with a jocose air, but in a husky and uneven voice: "There! I call you to witness that I refused that bribe!" The old creature was packed into the basket, but her lamentations increased, and it turned out that she was beseeching that a certain box be removed from the hut in which she had been hiding. Two men went in to search for it, and soon came out with a wooden case about nine inches square, which, being opened, was found to contain ten rupees. When these had been put into the basket with her she seemed partly consoled and allowed herself to be carried away. She died that night.

We rode on to the hospital by another route. The structures were of the same character as those already described; they stood in the midst of a large field. A very pleasant-looking young native was in charge—a student of medicine. He was presented to me by one of the inspectors as "the best attendant in India." In the convalescent ward were an old Mohammedan and his little son. They were cheerful and comfortable. In the other ward lay a number of patients who could not recover—they had all refused treatment. One stern-looking old Moslem gazed at us with a look of immitigable resolve, yet with terror glaring out of the depths of his eyes. Another, a younger man, lay on his side with fixed, shining eyes; he made no response when the attendant touched him on the shoulder; we thought him already dead, but suddenly he twisted over on his back and began to gasp, with a rattle in his throat. Still another was having his sores dressed—one, eight inches in diameter, was to the right of the base of the spine; another was on the front of the body just opposite, as if the bubo went clear through him. The feet of a man who had just died protruded from the door of the dead-house. After these dismal sights it was a relief to see a little Hindu maiden, about ten years old, whose family had all died of the plague, but who was herself convalescent, and was walking about the ward, smiling and contented. She had been adopted by the Catholic sisterhood.

After washing our hands in a basin of water with Condy's fluid, we rode away. The sun shone, the breeze blew, the sea glittered, the palm trees waved. Nature was as beautiful as ever in spite of the plague.



PARSI TOWER OF SILENCE.

A NEW RENDERING OF THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The honor of presenting poetical work of the highest order does not often fall to the lot of any magazine. THE COSMOPOLITAN enjoys that privilege this month. No hesitation is felt in claiming that the quatrains of Mr. Le Gallienne will hold such rank, and that they will assure to him a leading place among living English poets. Mr. Le Gallienne has placed at the disposal of THE COSMOPOLITAN one hundred quatrains and permitted the editor to choose for his readers such as he would, without regard to the author's own wishes. Those given here do not begin with the beginning, nor are they given consecutively—asterisks being inserted to show omissions. The result is unfair to Mr. Le Gallienne's work; but it is in accordance with the exigencies attaching to a clientèle which numbers both young and old among its more than a million and a half of readers. The second part will follow in the August COSMOPOLITAN.

* * * * *

OH, come, my love, the spring is in the land!
Take wine and bread and book of verse in hand,
And sit with me and sing in the green shade,
Green little home amid the desert sand.

Yea! Spring is here, with all his ancient fires,
Quick with old dreams, and thrilled with new desires:
Vowed to repent, yet sure to sin again—
Oh, leave repentance to your withered sires!

Oh, listen, love, how all the builders sing!
O sap! O song! O green world blossoming!

* * * * *

Spring, with the cuckoo sob deep in his throat,
O'er all the land his thrilling whispers float;
Old earth believes his ancient lies once more,
And runs to meet him in a golden coat.

And many a lovely girl that long hath lain
Beneath the grass, out in the sun and rain,
Lifts up a daisied head to hear him sing,
Hearkens a little, smiles, and sleeps again.

Yea, love, this very ground you lightly tread,
Who knows! is pillow to some fair one's head.

Ah! tread upon it lightly, lest you wake
The sacred slumber of the happy dead.

* * * * *

The grave of beauty is its cradle, too,
 And new is old, and old is ever new,
 Little grows great, and great grows small again,
 And I to-day—perchance to-morrow You!

The stream of life runs, ah! so swiftly by,
 A gleaming race 'twixt bank and bank—we fly;
 Faces alight and little trailing songs;
 Then plunge into the gulf, and so good-bye.

Sweet cup of life no power shall fill again,
 Thy juice goes singing through each gladdened vein—
 Drink, drink, my love—two mouths upon the brim,
 Ah! drink, drink, drink each little drop and drain.

Once in a garden this advice I heard—
 It was the Nightingale, the Rose's bird—
 He left the Rose, to hurry in my ear:
 "It is our only chance, you take my word."

For, have you thought how short a time is ours?
 Only a little longer than the flower's—
 Here in the meadow just a summer's day,
 Only to-day; to-morrow—other flowers.

The bird of life is singing on the bough
 His two eternal notes of "I and Thou"—
 Oh! hearken well, for soon the song sings through,
 And, would we hear it, we must hear it now.

The bird of life is singing in the sun,
 Short is his song, nor only just begun—
 A call, a trill, a rapture, then—so soon!—
 A silence, and the song is done—is done.

Nor shall you 'scape, though Jamshyd be your name,
 And like a pyramid your soaring fame.
 Forgetful grass o'er all alike shall wave,
 And moths eat up your memory just the same.

The dove shall coo upon your castle wall,
 The timorous lizard o'er your head shall crawl—
 Who lies so still within this ruined grave?
 Why, this was Bahrá'm, noisiest of them all!

Oh! what is man that deems himself divine?
Man is a flagon, and his soul the wine;
Man is a reed, his soul the sound therein;
Man is a lantern, and his soul the shine.

Would you be happy! Hearken, then, the way:
Heed not to-morrow, heed not yesterday;
The magic words of life are Here and Now—
O fools! that after some to-morrow stray.

Were I a Sultan, say what greater bliss
Were mine to summon to my side than this
Dear gleaming face, far brighter than the moon,
O love! and this immortalizing kiss.

* * * * *

Nor idle I who speak it, nor profane,
This playful wisdom growing out of pain:
How many midnights whitened into morn
Before the seeker knew he sought in vain.

You want to know the Secret—so did I.
Low in the dust I sought it, and on high
Sought it in awful flight from star to star,
* * * * *

Up, up where Parrius' hoofs stamp heaven's floor,
My soul went knocking at each starry door,
Till on the stilly top of heaven's stair,
Clear-eyed I looked—and laughed—and climbed no more.

Of all my seeking this is all my gain—
No agony of any mortal brain
Shall wrest the secret of the life of man;
The Search has taught me that the Search is vain.

Yet sometimes on a sudden all seems clear—
Hush! hush! my soul, the Secret draweth near;
Make silence ready for the speech divine—
If Heaven should speak, and there be none to hear!

Yea! sometimes on the instant all seems plain,
The simple sun could tell us, or the rain;
The World, caught dreaming with a look of heaven,
Seems on a sudden tip-toe to explain.

Like to a maid who exquisitely turns
A promising face to him who, waiting, burns
In hell to hear her answer—so the World
Tricks all, and hints what no man ever learns.

* * * * *

Near is as near to God as any Far,
And Here is just the same deceit as There.

Allah, perchance, the secret word might spell;
If Allah be, he keeps his secret well—
What He hath hidden, shall we hope to find?
Shall God His secret to a maggot tell?

So since with all my passion and my skill,
The world's mysterious meaning mocks me still,
Shall I not piously believe that I
Am kept in darkness by the heavenly will?

This is no way my learned life to use?
Tell me a better, then, that I may choose.
Shall I for some remote imagined gain
My precious little hour of living lose?

The Koran! well, come put me to the test—
Lovely old book in hideous error drest.
Believe me, I can quote the Koran, too:
The unbeliever knows his Koran best.

And do you think that unto such as you—
A maggot-minded, starved, fanatic crew—
God gave the Secret, and denied it me?
Well, well, what matters it! believe that too.

But yours the cold heart, and the murderous tongue,
The wintry soul that hates to hear a song,
The close-shut fist, the mean and measuring eye,
And all the little poisoned ways of wrong.

So I be written in the Book of Love,
I have no care about that book above;
Erase my name, or write it as you please—
So I be written in the Book of Love.

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS



XII.

WHAT I SAW OF THE DESTRUCTION OF
WEYBRIDGE AND SHEPPERTON.

PEOPLE were hiding in trenches and cellars, and many of the survivors had made off toward Woking village and Send. He had been consumed with thirst until he found one of the water mains near the railway arch smashed and the water bubbling out like a spring upon the road.

That was the story I won from him, bit by bit. He grew calmer telling me and trying to make me see the things he had seen. He had eaten no food since mid-day, he had told me early in his narrative, and I had found some mutton and bread in the pantry and brought it into the room. We lit no lamp for fear of attracting the Martians, and ever and again our hands would touch upon bread or meat. As he talked, things about us came darkly out of the darkness, and the trampled bushes and broken rose-trees outside the window grew distinct. It would seem that a number of men or animals had rushed across the lawn. I began to see his face, blackened and haggard, as no doubt mine was also. When we had finished eating we went softly upstairs to my study, and I looked again out of the open window. In one night the valley had become a valley of ashes. The fires had dwindled now. Where flames had been

there were now streamers of smoke, but the countless ruins of shattered and gutted houses and blasted and blackened trees that the night had hidden stood out now gaunt and terrible in the pitiless light of dawn. Never before in the history of warfare had destruction been so indiscriminate and so universal. And shining with the growing light of the east, three of the metallic giants stood about the pit, their cowls rotating as though they were surveying the desolation they had made. It seemed to me that the pit had been enlarged, and ever and again puffs of vivid green vapor whirled up out of it toward the brightening dawn. Beyond them were the pillars of fire about Chobham. They became pillars of bloodshot smoke at the first touch of day.

As the dawn grew brighter we withdrew ourselves from the window from which we had watched the Martians, and went very quietly downstairs. The ar-

tilleryman agreed with me that the house was no place to stay in. He proposed, he said, to make his way Londonward, and thence rejoin his battery—No. 12 of the Horse Artillery. My plan was to return at once to Leatherhead, and, so greatly had the strength of the Martians impressed me, that I had determined to take my wife to Newhaven and out of the country forthwith. I perceived clearly that the country about London must inevitably be the scene of an unparalleled struggle before such creatures as these—constantly reinforced, as it seemed they were, by fresh falling meteors—could be destroyed. Between us and Leatherhead, however, lay the third cylinder with its guarding giants, and so I resolved to go with the artilleryman, under cover of the woods, northward as far as Street Cobham before I parted with him. Thence I would make a big detour by Epsom to reach Leatherhead.

I should have started at once, but my companion had been in active service, and he knew better than that. He made me ransack the house for a flask, which he filled with whiskey, and we lined every available pocket with packets of biscuits and slices of meat. Then we crept out of the house, and ran as quickly as we could down the ill-made road by which I had come overnight. The houses seemed deserted. In the road lay a group of three charred bodies, close together, struck dead by the heat ray, and here and there were things that the flying people had dropped—a clock, a slipper, in one place a worn silver spoon, and so forth. At the corner turning up toward the post-office, a little cart filled with boxes and furniture, and horseless, heeled over on a broken wheel. A cash-box had been hastily smashed open and thrown under the wheels.

Except the lodge of the Orphanage, which was still on fire, none of the houses had suffered very greatly here. The heat ray had shaved the chimney-tops and passed. Yet, save ourselves, there did not seem to be a living soul on Maybury Hill. The majority of the inhabitants had escaped, I suppose, by way of the old Woking road—the road I had taken when I drove to Leatherhead—or they had hidden.

We went down the lane by the body of the man in black, sodden now from the

overnight hail, and broke into the woods at the foot of the hill. We pushed through these toward the railway without meeting a soul. The woods across the line were but the scarred and blackened ruins of woods; for the most part the trees had fallen, but a certain proportion still stood, dismal gray stems, with dark brown foliage instead of green. On our side, the fire had done no more than scorch the nearer trees; it had failed to secure its footing. In one place the woodman had been at work on Saturday; trees, felled and freshly trimmed, lay in a clearing, with heaps of sawdust by the sawing-machine and its engine. Hard by was a temporary hut, deserted. There was not a breath of wind this morning, and everything was strangely still; even the birds were hushed, and as we hurried along, I and the artilleryman talked in whispers, and looked now and again over our shoulders. Once or twice we stopped to listen.

After a time we drew near the road, and as we did so we heard the clatter of hoofs and saw through the tree stems three cavalry soldiers riding slowly toward Woking. We hailed them, and they halted while we hurried toward them. It was a lieutenant and a couple of privates of the Eighth Hussars, with a stand like a theodolite, which the artilleryman told me was a heliograph.

"You are the first men I've seen coming this way this morning," said the lieutenant. "What's brewing?" His voice and face were eager. The men behind him stared curiously. The artilleryman jumped down the bank into the road and saluted.

"Gun destroyed last night, sir. Have been hiding. Trying to rejoin battery, sir. You'll come in sight of the Martians, I expect, about half a mile along this road."

"What the devil are they like?" asked the lieutenant.

"Giants in armor, sir. Hundred feet high. Three legs and a body like 'luminum, and a damned great head in a hood, sir."

"Get out!" said the lieutenant. "What confounded nonsense!"

"You'll see, sir. They carry a kind of box, sir, that shoots fire and strikes you dead."

"What d'ye mean—a gun?"

"No, sir," and the artilleryman began a vivid account of the heat ray. Half-way through, the lieutenant interrupted him and looked up at me—I was still standing on the bank by the side of the road. "You see it?" said the lieutenant.

"It's perfectly true," I said.

"Well," said the lieutenant, "I suppose it's my business to see it, too. Look here,"—to the artilleryman—"we're detailed here clearing people out of their houses. You'd better report yourself to Brigadier-General Marvin, and tell him all you know. He's at Weybridge. Know the way?"

"I do," said I, and he turned his horse southward again. "Half a mile, you say?" said he. "At most," I answered, and pointed over the tree tops southward. He thanked me and rode on, and we saw them no more.

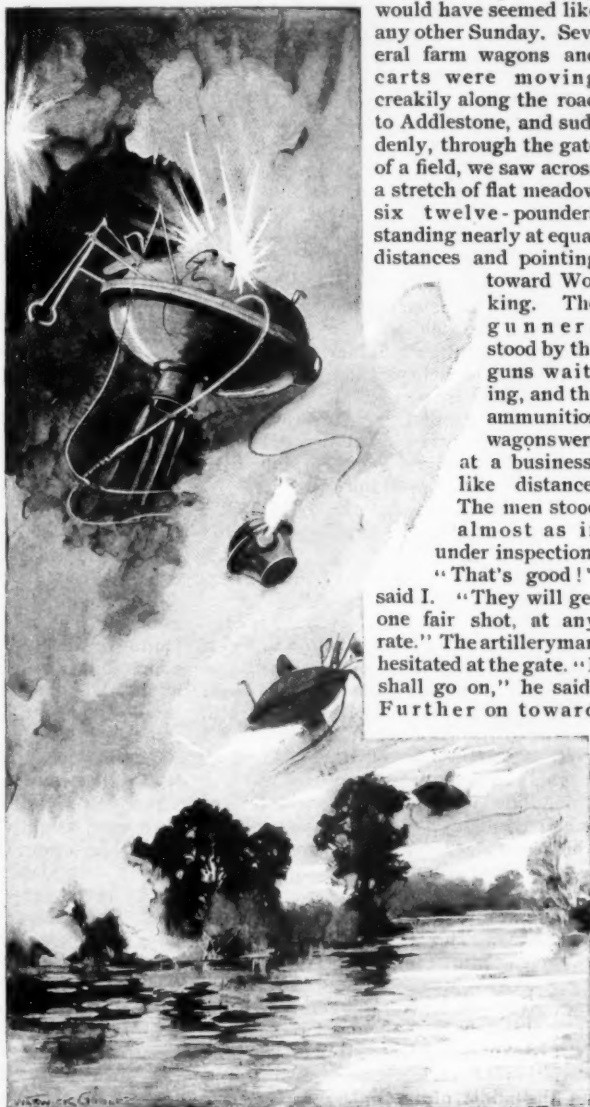
Further along we came upon a group of three women and two children in the road, busy clearing out a laborer's cottage. They had got hold of a kind of hand truck, and were piling it up with unclean looking bundles of shabby furniture. They were all too assiduously engaged to talk to us as we passed.

By Byfleet station, we emerged from the pine trees and found the country calm and peaceful under the morning sunlight.

We were far beyond the range of the heat ray here, and had it not been for the silent desertion of some of the houses, the stirring movement of packing in others, and the knot of soldiers standing on the bridge over the railway and staring down the line toward Woking, the day

would have seemed like any other Sunday. Several farm wagons and carts were moving creakily along the road to Addlestone, and suddenly, through the gate of a field, we saw across a stretch of flat meadow six twelve-pounders standing nearly at equal distances and pointing toward Woking. The gunners stood by the guns waiting, and the ammunition wagons were at a business-like distance. The men stood almost as if under inspection.

"That's good!" said I. "They will get one fair shot, at any rate." The artilleryman hesitated at the gate. "I shall go on," he said. Further on toward



Drawn by Warwick Goble.

"HIT!"

Weybridge, just over the bridge, there were a number of men in white fatigue jackets throwing up a long rampart, and more guns behind. "It's bows and arrows against the lightning, anyhow," said the artilleryman. "They 'aven't seen that fire beam yet." The officers who were not actively engaged stood and stared over the tree tops southwestward, and the men digging would stop every now and then to stare in the same direction.

Byfleet was in a tumult, people packing, and a score of hussars, perhaps, hunting them about, some of them dismounted, some on horseback. Three or four black government wagons, with crosses in white circles, and an old omnibus, among other vehicles, were being loaded in the village street. There were scores of people, most of them sufficiently Sabbatical to have assumed their best clothes. The soldiers were having the greatest difficulty in making them realize the gravity of their position. We saw one shriveled old fellow with a huge box and a score or more of flower-pots containing orchids angrily expostulating with the corporal who would leave them behind. I stopped and gripped his arm.

"Do you know what's over there?" I said, pointing at the pine tops that hid the Martians.

"Eh?" said he, turning. "I was explaining these is vallyble——"

"*Death!*" I shouted. "*Death!*" and leaving him to digest that if he could, I hurried on after the artilleryman. At the corner I looked back. The soldier had left him, and he was still standing by his box, with the pots of orchids on the lid of it, and staring vaguely over the trees.

No one in Weybridge could tell us where the headquarters were established; the whole place was in such confusion as I had never seen in any town before. Carts, carriages everywhere, the most astonishing miscellany of conveyances and horseflesh. The respectable inhabitants of the place, men in golf and boating costumes, wives prettily dressed, were packing, river-side loafers energetically helping, children excited, and for the most part highly delighted at this astonishing variation of their Sunday experiences. In the midst of it all, the worthy vicar was very pluckily holding an early cele-

bration, and his bell was jangling out above the excitement. I and the artilleryman, seated on the step of the drinking fountain, made a very passable meal upon what we had brought with us. Patrols of soldiers—here no longer hussars, but grenadiers in white—were warning people to move now or to take refuge in their cellars as soon as the firing began. We saw as we passed the railway bridge that a growing crowd of people had assembled in and about the railway station, and the swarming platform was piled with boxes and packages. The ordinary traffic had been stopped, I believe, in order to allow of the passage of troops and guns to Chertsey, and I have heard since that a savage struggle occurred for places in the special trains that were put on at a later hour.

In our hunt through the confusion for the headquarters we came out at the place, near Shepperton lock, where the Wey and Thames join. The Wey has a treble mouth, and at this point boats are to be hired, and there was a ferry across the river. On the Shepperton side was an inn with a lawn, and beyond that the tower of Shepperton church—it has been replaced by a spire—rose above the trees. Here we found an excited and noisy crowd of fugitives. As yet the flight had not grown to a panic, but there were already more people than all the boats going to and fro could enable to cross. Quite respectable people came panting along under heavy burdens; one decent husband and wife were even carrying a small outhouse door between them, with some of their household goods piled thereon. One man told us he meant to try to get away from Shepperton station. There was a lot of shouting, and one man even was jesting. The idea people seemed to have here was that the Martians were simply formidable human beings, who might attack and sack the town, to be certainly destroyed in the end. Every now and then people would glance nervously across the way, at the meadows towards Chertsey, but everything over there was still. Across the Thames, except just where the boats landed, everything was quiet, in vivid contrast with the Surrey side. The people who landed there from the boats went tramping off down the lane. The big ferryboat had

just made a journey. Three or four soldiers stood on the lawn of the inn, staring and jesting at the fugitives without offering to help. The inn was closed, as it was now within prohibited hours.

"What's that?" said a boatman near me; and "Shut up, you fool," said a man near me to a yelping dog. Then the sound came again, this time from the direction of Chertsey, a muffled thud—the sound of a gun.

The fighting was beginning. Almost immediately unseen batteries across the river to our right—unseen because of the trees—took up the chorus, firing heavily one after the other. A woman screamed. Everyone stood, arrested by the sudden stir of battle, near us and yet invisible to us. Nothing was to be seen save flat meadows, cows for the most part feeding unceremoniously and silvery pollard willows motionless in the warm sunlight.

"The sojers'll stop 'em," said a woman beside me, doubtfully. A haziness rose over the tree tops.

Then suddenly we saw a rush of smoke far away up the river, a puff of smoke that jerked up into the air, and hung, and forthwith the ground heaved under foot, and a heavy explosion shook the air, smashing two or three windows in the houses near, and leaving us astonished.

"Here they are!" shouted a man in a blue jersey. "Yonder! D'y'er see them? Yonder."

Quickly, one after the other, one, two,



Drawn by Warwick Goble.

"THE CAMERA OF THE HEAT RAY STRUCK THE WATER."

three, four of the armed Martians appeared, far away over the little trees across the flat meadows that stretch toward Chertsey, and striding hurriedly toward the river. Little cowed figures they seemed at first, going with a rolling motion and as fast as flying birds.

Then advancing obliquely toward us came a fifth. Their armored bodies glittered in the sun as they swept swiftly forward upon the guns, growing rapidly larger as they grew nearer. One on the extreme left, the remotest that is, flourished a huge box high in the air, and the

ghostly, terrible heat ray I had already seen on Friday night smote toward Chertsey.

At sight of these strange, swift and terrible creatures, the crowd along by the water's edge seemed to me to be for a moment horror-struck. There was no screaming nor shouting, but a silence.

Then a hoarse murmur and a movement of feet. A splashing from the water. A man, too frightened to drop the portmanteau he carried on his shoulder, swung round and sent me staggering with a

blow from the corner of his burthen. A woman thrust at me with her hands and rushed past me. I turned, too, with the rush of people all about me. But I was not too terrified for thought. The terrible heat ray was in my mind. To get under water! That was it. "Get under water!" I shouted. I faced about again, and rushed toward the approaching Martian; rushed right down the gravelly beach, and headlong into the water. Others did the same. A boat-load of people, putting back, came leaping out as I rushed past. The stones under my feet were muddy and slippery, and the river was so low that I ran, perhaps, twenty feet scarcely waist deep. Then as the Martian towered overhead, scarcely a couple of hundred yards away, I flung myself forward under the surface. The splashes of the people in the boats leaping into the river sounded like thunderclaps in my ears.

In my convulsive excitement I took no heed of the artilleryman behind me, and to this day I do not know what became of him. I never set eyes on him again. People were landing hastily on both sides of the river.

But the Martian machine took no more notice for the moment of the people, running this way and that, than a man would of the confusion of ants in a nest against which his foot has kicked. When, half suffocated, I raised my head above water—there were dripping faces all about me—its hood pointed at the batteries that were still firing far away across the river, and as it advanced it swung loose what must have been the generator of the heat ray.

In another moment it was on the bank,

and in a stride wading half way across. The knees of its foremost legs bent at the further bank, and in another moment it had raised itself to its full height again close to the village of Shepperton. Forthwith the six guns which, unknown to all of us on the right bank, had been hidden behind the outskirts of that village, fired simultaneously at it. The sudden concussion, the last close upon the first, made my heart jump. The monster was raising the case that carried the heat ray, and at that moment a shell burst six yards above the hood.

I gave a cry of astonishment. I saw

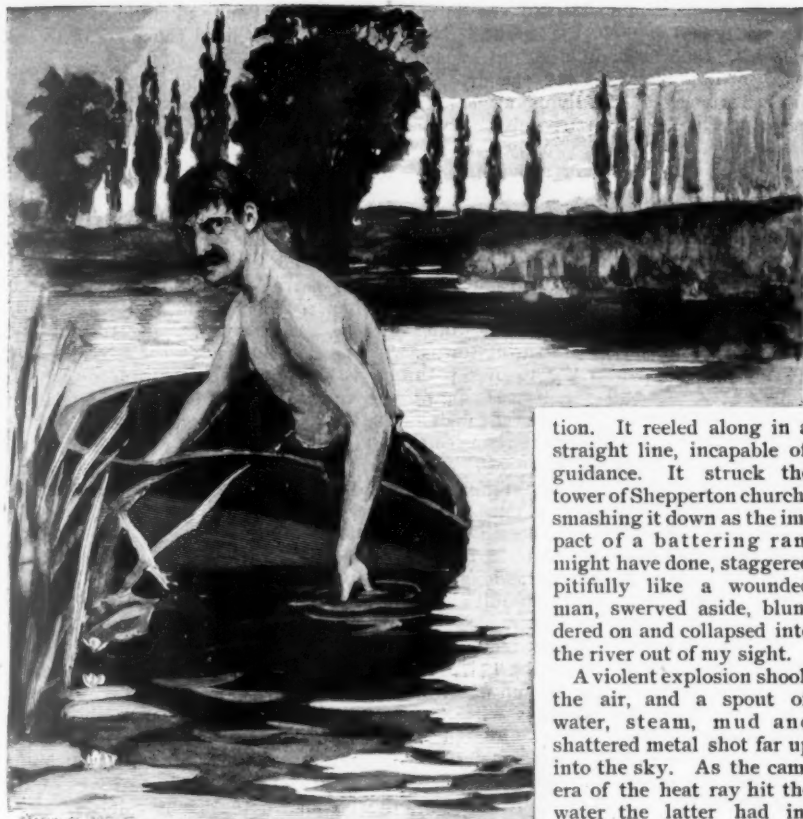
and thought nothing of the other four Martian monsters; my attention was riveted upon this nearer incident. Simultaneously two other shells burst in the air near the body as the hood twisted round in time to receive, but not in time to dodge, the fourth shell.

The shell burst clean in the face of the thing. The hood bulged, flashed, was whirled off in a dozen tattered fragments of red flesh and glittering metal. "Hit!" shouted I, with something between a scream and a cheer. I heard answering



Drawn by Warwick Goble.

"THE TENTACLES SWAYED LIKE LIVING ARMS."



Drawn by Warwick Goble.

"I CONTRIVED TO PADDLE AS WELL AS MY FARBOLLED HANDS
WOULD ALLOW."

shouts from the people in the water about me. I could have leaped out of the water with that momentary exultation.

The decapitated colossus reeled like a drunken giant. But it did not go over. It recovered its balance by a miracle, and, no longer heeding its steps, and with the camera that fired the heat ray now rigidly upheld, it rushed blindly toward Shepperton. The living intelligence, the Martian within the hood, was slain and splashed to the four winds of heaven; and the thing was now but a mere intricate device, driving mechanically to destruc-

tion. It reeled along in a straight line, incapable of guidance. It struck the tower of Shepperton church, smashing it down as the impact of a battering ram might have done, staggered pitifully like a wounded man, swerved aside, blundered on and collapsed into the river out of my sight.

A violent explosion shook the air, and a spout of water, steam, mud and shattered metal shot far up into the sky. As the camera of the heat ray hit the water the latter had incontinently flashed into steam. In another moment a huge wave like a muddy tidal bore, but almost scaldingly hot, came sweeping round the bend, up stream. I heard people

struggling shoreward, screaming and shouting. I was so excited by this tremendous disaster that for the moment I heeded nothing of the heat, forgot the patent need of self-preservation. I splashed through the tumultuous water, pushing aside a man in black to do so, until I could see round the bend. Half a dozen deserted boats pitched aimlessly upon the confusion of waves. The fallen Martian came into sight, lying across the water, and for the most part submerged. Thick clouds of steam were pouring off the boiling water, and through the tumultuously

whirling wisps of it I could see, intermittently and vaguely, the gigantic limbs churning the water and flinging a black spray of mud and water into the air. The tentacles swayed like living arms, and, save for the helpless purposelessness of these movements, it was exactly like some sensitive wounded thing struggling for its life amidst the waves. To add to the resemblance, enormous quantities of a ruddy brown fluid were squirting up out of the machine.

My attention was diverted from these struggles by the sudden outbreak of a furious yelling, like that of the thing called a siren in our manufacturing towns. A man knee-deep near the towing path shouted to me and pointed. Looking back I saw the other Martians advancing with gigantic strides down the river bank from the direction of Chertsey. The Shepperton guns spoke again unavailingly. At that I ducked at once under water, and, holding my breath until movement was an agony, blundered painfully along under the surface as long as I could. The water was in a tumult about me, and rapidly growing hotter.

When for a moment I raised my head to take breath, and thrust the hair and water from my eyes, the stream was rising all round me in a whirling white fog that at first hid the Martians altogether. Then I saw them dimly, colossal figures of gray, magnified by the mist. They had passed by me, and two were stooping over the frothing and tumultuous ruins of their comrade. The third and fourth stood beside him in the water, one, perhaps, two hundred yards from me, the other toward Walton. The generators of their heat rays waved high, and the hissing heat rays smote down this way and that.

The air was full of sound, a deafening and confusing conflict of noises, the clangorous din of the Martians, the crash of falling houses, the thud of trees, fences, sheds, flashing into flame, and the crackling and roaring of fire. Dense black smoke was leaping up to mingle with the steam from the river, and as the heat ray went to and fro over Weybridge, its impact was marked by flashes of incandescent white, that gave place at once to a smoky dance of lurid flame. The nearer houses still stood intact, awaiting their

fate, shadowy faint and pallid in the mist, with the fire behind them going to and fro.

For a moment, perhaps, I stood there, breast-high in the almost boiling water, dumfounded at my position, hopeless of escape. Through the reek I could see the people who had been with me in the river scrambling out of the water, through the reeds, like little frogs hurrying through grass from the advance of a man, or running to and fro in utter dismay on the towing-path.

Then, suddenly, the white flashes of the heat ray came leaping toward me. The houses caved in as they dissolved at its touch, and darted out into flames; the trees changed to fire with a roar. It flickered up and down the towing-path, licking off the people, who ran this way and that, and came down to the water's edge not fifty yards from where I stood. It swept across the river to Shepperton, and the water in its track rose in a boiling wheel, crested with steam. I lost sight of everything in a whirling torrent of steam. In another moment the huge wave, well-nigh at the boiling point, had rushed upon me. I screamed aloud, turned to run as it leaped at my face, and, scalded, half-blinded, agonized, I staggered through the hissing, leaping water toward the shore. Had my foot stumbled it would have been the end. I fell helplessly, in full sight of the Martians, upon the broad, bare, gravelly spit that runs down to mark the angle of the Wey and Thames. I expected nothing but death.

I have a dim memory of the foot of a Martian coming down within a yard of my head, driving down into the loose gravel, whirling it this way and that, and lifting again; of a long suspense, and then of the four carrying the debris of their comrade between them, now clearer, and then presently faint through a veil of smoke, receding interminably, as it seemed to me, across a vast space of river and meadow. And then, very slowly, I realized that by a miracle of chance I had escaped.

XIII.

HOW I FELL IN WITH THE CURATE.

After this sudden lesson in the power of terrestrial weapons, the Martians re-

treated to their original position upon Horsell Common, and in their haste, and encumbered with the debris of their smashed companion, they no doubt overlooked many such a stray and unnecessary victim as myself. Had they left their comrade and pushed on forthwith, there was nothing at that time between them and London but batteries of twelve-pounder guns, and they would certainly have reached the capital in advance of the tidings of their approach—as sudden, dreadful and destructive their advent would have been as the earthquake that destroyed Lisbon a century ago. But they were in no hurry. Cylinder followed

through the blackened and smoking arcades that had been but a day ago pine spinneys, crawled the devoted scouts with the heliograph that was presently to warn the gunners of the Martian approach. But the Martians now understood our command of artillery and the danger of human proximity, and not a man ventured within a mile of either cylinder, save at the price of his life.

It would seem these giants spent the earlier part of the afternoon in going to and fro, transferring everything from the second and third cylinders—the second in Addlestone golf links, and the third at Pyrford—to their original pit on Horsell



Drawn by Warwick Goble.

"CARRYING THE DEBRIS OF THEIR COMRADE BETWEEN THEM."

cylinder in its interplanetary flight; every twenty-four hours brought them reinforcement. And meanwhile the military and naval authorities, now fully alive to the tremendous power of their antagonists, worked with furious energy. Every minute a fresh gun came into position, until, before twilight, every copse, every row of suburban villas on the hilly slopes about Kingston and Richmond, masked an expectant black muzzle. And through the charred and desolated area—perhaps twenty square miles altogether—that encircled the Martian encampment on Horsell Common, through charred and ruined villages, among the green trees,

Common. Over that, one stood sentinel above the blackened heather and ruined buildings that stretched far and wide, while the rest abandoned their vast fighting machines and descended into the pit. They were hard at work there far into the night, and the towering pillar of dense green smoke that rose thencefrom could be seen from the downs about Mallow, and even, it is said, from Banstead and Epsom Downs.

And while the Martians behind me were thus preparing for their next sally, and in front of me humanity gathered for the battle, I made my way, with infinite pains and labor, from the fire and smoke

of burning Weybridge toward London. When I realized that the Martians had passed, I struggled to my feet, giddy and smarting from the scalding I had received, and for a space I stood sick and helpless between the drifting steam and the suffocating, burning and smoldering behind. Presently, through a gap in the thinning steam, I saw an abandoned boat, very small and remote, drifting down stream, and throwing off the most of my sodden and blackened clothes, I went after it, gained it, and so escaped out of that destruction. There were no oars in the boat, but I contrived to paddle, as much as my parboiled hands would allow, down the river toward Halliford and Walton, going very tediously and continually looking behind me, as you may well understand.

The hot water from the Martian's overthrow drifted down stream with me, so that for the best part of a mile I could see little of either bank. Once, however, I made out a string of black figures hurrying across the meadows from the direction of Weybridge. Halliford, it seemed, was quite deserted, and several of the houses facing the river were afire. It was strange to see the place quite tranquil, quite desolate, under the hot blue sky, with the smoke and little threads of flame going straight up into the heat of the afternoon. Never before had I seen houses burning without the accompaniment of an inconvenient crowd. A little further on the dry reeds up the bank were smoking and glowing, and a line of fire inland was marching steadily across a late field of hay.

For a long time I drifted, so painful and weary was I after the violence I had been through, and so intense the heat upon the water. Then my fears got the better of me again, and I resumed my paddling. The sun scorched my bare back. At last, as the bridge at Walton was coming into sight round the bend, my fever and faintness overcame my fears, and I landed on the Middlesex bank and lay down, deadly sick, amidst the long grass. I suppose the time was then about four or five o'clock. I got up presently, walked perhaps half a mile without meeting a soul, and then lay down again in the shadow of a hedge. I seem to remember talking wandringly to myself during that last spurt. I was

also very thirsty, and bitterly regretful I had drunk no more water.

I do not clearly remember the arrival of the curate, so that I probably dozed. I became aware of him as a seated figure in soot-smudged shirt-sleeves, and with his upturned, clean-shaven face staring at a faint flickering that danced over the sky. The sky was what is called a mackerel sky, rows and rows of faint down-plums of clouds, just tinted with the midsummer sunset.

I sat up, and at the rustle of my motion he looked at me quickly.

"Have you any water?" I asked abruptly.

He shook his head. "You have been asking for water for the last hour," he said, unsympathetically.

For a moment we were silent, taking stock of one another. I daresay he found me a strange enough figure—naked, save for my water-soaked trousers and socks, scalded, and my face and shoulders blackened from the smoke. His face was a dead white, his eyes were pale gray and blankly staring. He spoke abruptly, looking vacantly away from me.

"What does it *mean*?" he said. "What do these things mean?"

I stared at him and made him no answer.

He extended a thin, white hand and spoke in almost a complaining tone.

"Why are these things permitted? What sins have we done? The morning service was over; I was walking through the roads to clear my brain for the afternoon's catechism, and then comes fire, earthquake, death! As if it were Sodom and Gomorrah! All our work undone; all the work and the lives of hundreds of men! Does God care? What are these Martians?"

"What are we?" I answered, clearing my throat.

He gripped his knees and turned to look at me again. For half a minute, perhaps, he stared silently. "Aye!" he said, "What are we?" He relapsed into silence, with his chin now sunken almost to his knees.

"Poor worms," he began, waving his hand rhetorically, "creatures of a day. We have lived in peace and security for a couple of hundred years. Neither war, nor pestilence, nor famine, nor earthquake, nor flood has touched the land—neither

war, nor pestilence, nor famine, nor earthquake, nor flood—and we have come to think ourselves kings, lords of it all. Religion! Minister of religion! I have seen nothing but human self-complacency in a cassock and gown. Social work! Bazaars! Folly! The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom—the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.”

Another pause, and he broke out again like one demented. “The smoke of her burning goeth up for ever and ever,” he shouted, and pointed behind me toward Weybridge.

By this time I was beginning to take his measure. The tremendous tragedy in which he had been involved—it was evident he was a fugitive from Weybridge—had drawn him to the very verge of religious mania. “Are we far from Sunbury?” I said in a matter-of-fact tone.

“What are we to do?” he asked. “Are these creatures everywhere? Has the earth been given over to them?”

“Are we far from Sunbury?”

“Only this morning I officiated at early celebration——”

“Things have changed,” I said quietly. “You must keep your head. These monsters are not everywhere. There is still hope. They are only in this part of the world, unless I am much mistaken.”

“But how are you to know that?”

I told him of the shots I had seen fired from Mars. He listened at first, but as I spoke briefly and dryly of what I had seen, the interest in his eyes faded slowly to dejection, and he stared before him again. “Don’t you think,” he said, in-



Drawn by

Warwick Goble.

“THE SMOKE OF HER BURNING GOETH UP FOR EVER AND EVER.”

terrupting me, “that this may be the beginning of the end? The end! The great and terrible Day of the Lord—when men shall call upon the mountains and the rocks to fall upon them and hide them—hide them from the face of Him that sitteth upon the Throne?”

I stared blankly by way of answer, then rose painfully to my feet and, standing over him, laid my hand on his shoulder. “Drop that Book of Revelations,” said I, “and be a man. You are scared out of your wits. After all, this is the way of nature. What good is religion if it collapses at calamity? Think of what earthquakes and floods, war and volcanoes, have done before to men. Did you think God had exempted Weybridge on your account? One would think, to hear you,

that He had made you a special promise—and broken it. God is not an insurance agent, man."

"What is that flicker in the sky?" he said abruptly.

I told him it was simply the heliograph signalling. A cockchafer came droning over the hedge and past us. High in the west the crescent moon hung faint and pale, above the smoke of Weybridge and Shepperton and the hot splendor of the sunset.

"We are in the midst of it," I said, "quiet as it is. That flicker in the sky

tells of the gathering storm. Yonder, I take it, are the Martians, and Londonward, where those hills rise about Richmond and Kingston, and the trees give cover, earthworks are being thrown up and guns are being laid. Presently the Martians will be coming this way again——"

And even as I spoke, he sprang to his feet and stopped me by a gesture. "Listen!" he said. And from far away, from beyond the low hills across the water, came the dull resonance of guns and a remote weird crying.

"We had better follow this path," I said.

(*To be continued.*)

TROVATO.

BY CHARLES J. BAYNE.

IS it but the idle fancy
Of a mocking necromancy
That together, leaf and blossom, by the Indus once we grew,
And that Hafiz came, or Omar,
To imprison the aroma
In some half-remembered measure which has rythmed me to you?

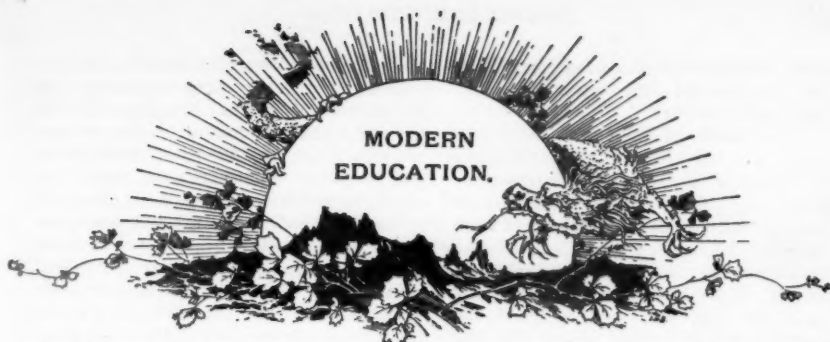
Is it false or is it real
That, in ages more ideal,
I was song and you were sappho; you were sunbeam, I the dew,
For I long have felt the burgeon
Of a passion vague and virgin,
Which you quicken to remembrance of a former life we knew?

Was I stream when you were willow?
Was I shell when you were billow?
For your voice has ever echoed through the hushes of my heart;
And it seems, as I behold you,
That the very air foretold you
By the fragrance which, in welcome, all the budding boughs impart.

But at last I stand beside you,
And the fate which long denied you
Yields, in recompense, a dearer incarnation than my dream.
What I sought to what you are, love,
Was as twilight to the star, love,
As the languor is to summer, as the murmur to the stream.

And since age on age has perished
But to bring the soul I cherished,
Wherein thought and feeling blended, are as petal and perfume,
Let us linger here forever,
Where the pride of all endeavor
Is a fervor which to passion is as glamour unto gloom.

Yet, if Fate reserves its malice
But to break the lifted chalice,
Let me mingle with the elements where once I was a part;
Then, on some supernal morning
Which your beauty is adorning,
As a dewdrop in a lily, I may nestle in your heart.



DOES IT EDUCATE, IN THE BROADEST AND MOST LIBERAL SENSE OF THE TERM?

IV.

SOME PHASES OF AMERICAN EDUCATION.

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK, PROFESSOR OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

FOR thirty years the development of American education has been almost wholly influenced by German teaching and example. Ever since the termination of the Civil War our students, in numbers that increase each year, have sought to supplement the training given them at home by spending one or more semesters at the German universities; the pædagogical ideas of German educators have been made accessible to everyone through paraphrases and translations; the German methods have been universally accepted as the very best and soundest known; until at last we find the whole profession of American teachers leavened through and through by German thought.

This powerful and undisputed influence has been in many ways productive of a vast amount of good. In the first place, it has helped our people to cut loose in all their intellectual life and scholarly work from that ancient bondage to English tradition which was received and perpetuated throughout the long protracted period of American colonialism. For English scholarship, as it existed a century or more ago, when Gray and Gibbon styled the English universities "the home of bats and owls," was in many ways a thing of elegant sterility; and as handed down from generation to generation in our country, it wholly lost its elegance and intensified its sterility. In the second place, the German influence taught the practical and scientific value of thoroughness—of all lessons the very hardest

for Americans to learn. The slipshod, happy-go-lucky optimism of our people, eager for quick results and careless about perfection of form and accuracy of detail, was nowhere, indeed, so unhappily visible as in our scholarship. Isolated as Americans long remained from all immediate contact with an older and more finished civilization, they found it difficult to admit that anything was better than their best; and hence mere show and superficial cleverness passed current with the indiscriminating many, depriving them of any serious standards of comparison and cursing them with the fatuous self-complacency that is so fatal to all high achievement.

It was a revelation, then, to those stray pioneers of higher education who early in the sixties made their way to Heidelberg and Göttingen and Berlin to find at these great centers of learning what was to them a new and unknown intellectual life; to meet illustrious teachers who did not go over and over again with a monotonous *Nachbeterei* the rudimentary precepts of a text-book, but took for granted at the start the widest range of reading in their hearers; to watch investigators who set themselves the task of bringing to light what was unknown before, in laying bare the hidden, and augmenting by their work the sum of human knowledge; and to see gathered about these men a body of learners aflame with the noble enthusiasm of those whose ideal lies in the maximum and not in the minimum of achievement, and who fling them-

selves with all the passion of an intellectual crusade into the work of creative effort and discovery.

As a result of this new light upon methods of teaching and of learning, the old traditions of American education were swept away forever. The colleges and universities were naturally the first to experience the change; and then, as their students went out into the schools and into the community at large, the whole mass was leavened until, as I have said above, our intellectual world was Germanized. A very important adjunct of this change, and one that made its swift accomplishment more easy, was the enormous increase of the German element in our population. In many of our larger cities the proportion of citizens of German birth is to-day actually in excess of the native-born; and there are several States even where the same preponderance prevails. It is therefore natural, as it is actually true, that the German influence already noticed should not only have been able to affect most radically the American methods and theory of education, but that it should have extended to a wider sphere and set its mark upon our social and political philosophy. That in a single generation a hitherto unknown interest in German *pædagogical* doctrine should spring up; that the German language should dispute with French its old-time place in the favor of cultivated men and women; and that German literature should now be taught and read almost as widely as the more attractive literature of France—these are but the superficial signs of a very vital change. It is not too much to say that the influence of German thought, though directed first of all to a single phase of our development, has struck its roots down far more deeply; and that, aided by an ethnic change in our population, it has in reality effected a profound and somewhat startling alteration in the national character.

The American of a century ago was much more purely Anglo-Saxon than he is to-day. He still felt the dislike of all control, the impatience of restraint, and the strong individualism that had driven his ancestors from the England of Charles II., and that afterward united them to defy the England of George III. Exulting in a sense of unrestricted freedom and an

almost lawless largeness of vision, he felt himself equal to anything whatever. He had hewn out a home for himself with his own right arm, subduing the savage, the wild beast, and the illimitable forest; and he looked about him with something of the superb self-consciousness of a god, as he saw that his handiwork was very good. He was not a creature of rules and regulations; the most elemental principles of right and justice alone made up his simple code. He felt that character and energy together could accomplish anything; and he laughed to scorn the thought of dependence upon any one. And even later, in the early years of the present century, one notes the evidences of an extreme particularism. In political life we see prolonged the era of the small self-governing community, the era of the town-meeting, with a semi-patriarchal importance given to the family; and, in a wider field, the sentiment of nationality still slumbering, a tenacious adherence to the doctrine of States' Rights, a distrust of centralization, and in general a firm belief in Jefferson's dictum that "the best government of all is the one that governs least." So sturdily independent, so resentful even of favors, were Americans then that an English traveler records her astonishment on visiting the House of Representatives to see "member after member leaping to his feet to denounce with passionate indignation a bill which proposed to grant from the national treasury a sum of money for the development and extension of a system of public roads." The American feeling of that day is, in fact, most admirably typified in Daniel Boone, who needed nothing but his axe and rifle for his maintenance, and who felt that he was being stifled if he found another white man settling down within a hundred miles of him. It was an apotheosis of individuality, of self-reliance, and of personal power.

The German influence and the general alteration in the racial character of our people through incessant immigration have effectually changed all that; and to understand the change one must consider for a moment what the mental attitude of the German really is. The typical German of the educated class is one who separates entirely his intellectual from his material life. He ascribes so much

importance to the former, he has so much enthusiasm for its cult, that he views it as being in itself sufficient for the fulfilment of all his aspirations. Political conditions have for centuries intensified this tendency by excluding him from any really independent share in the larger public life, and thus forcing him back into his study or his lecture-room to think and theorize the more, because it is forbidden him to act. His life is, therefore, one of thought and not of action, and never is his thought conditioned by the various necessities that confront the man who tries to translate theory into terms of practice. Hence, it is always enough for the German if his notions be quite scientifically correct, if they be logical and lucid, if they be capable, in fact, of a sort of mathematical demonstration. He makes no allowance in his scheme for any difficulties that would attend its application by reason of the passions or the prejudices or the temperamental differences of actual men and women; for the personal equation has no place in his large and luminous philosophy, nor are the very unphilosophical facts of life permitted to disturb the symmetry of his hypothesis. That good old story of the German who was asked to write a paper about lions, and who had never seen or heard of lions, but who at once shut himself up in a darkened room until such time as he should have evolved the true conception of a lion from his inner consciousness, gives us in a humorous way a very faithful illustration of the German's mental attitude toward life. To him all problems whatsoever, whether social or political or philosophical, may be solved by taking thought; and the true solution is always capable of being summed up in a formula. If anything is wrong in life it is because the necessary formula for its amendment has not yet been properly worked out. If there are misery and sin and poverty and crime perceptible on every hand, all that is needed to banish them is a knowledge of the formula. If the State is nearly shipwrecked by misgovernment or by the hostility of foreign powers, a simple formula will set it right. Even character and morals and temperament are reducible to formulaic treatment; and a true German, like Max Nordau, will discover an incipient criminal in the

greatest genius by simply getting at the measurements of the base of his head, by examining the tips of his ears, and by collecting the statistics of his similes and metaphors.

It is precisely here that American thought to-day displays most strikingly the German influence. The cult of the formula has taken root among us, and the extravagance of our national devotion to it is proportionate to the energy and also to the childishness of the American people. The old-time American knew nothing about formulas. He had no preconceived and axiomatic theories about the precise way in which things should be done. He waited until the necessity came for doing a particular thing, and then he just did it and made no fuss about it. Take the drafting of our national constitution, for example. Of the men who framed it, scarcely one was a political philosopher according to the German understanding of the term. They brought to their task no carefully elaborated outfit of scientific abstractions. They had simply studied the political conditions that existed; they understood the history and the temper of the people; they grasped at once the practical difficulties and the practical possibilities of the problem, and they did their work accordingly. Any able German thinker could, probably, in half an hour point out a hundred absolutely fatal defects in the constitution which these statesmen framed; yet it has none the less endured, with scarce a change, down to the present day, and the experience of every decade only deepens the admiration with which men view this splendid national charter, which has served as a model for every republic founded since that time. On the other hand, the Germans had a chance in 1848 to show what government by formula is like. The political philosophers swarmed in the Frankfurt Assembly of that year. No one could doubt the profundity of their learning; they produced some of the most beautiful formulas that even Germany had been called on to admire; yet in just about six months the whole thing went to smash, and ever since that day the German people have cowered meekly down beneath the booted heel of a military despotism such as a typical Anglo-Saxon people would reduce to pulp in the space

of twenty-four good working hours. But the modified American of to-day is as formula-ridden as any German ever was. He has worked out two general formulaic remedies for everything. In the sphere of politics and economics he has set up for himself the legislative formula as an infallible panacea; while questions of every other sort he solves by the application of the educational formula. The legislative formula is supposed to be a substitute for the qualities that made the old-time American precisely what he was—for thrift and energy and self-reliance. The formula itself is an invocation of that mysterious and hazily-defined Omnipotence which men impersonally call "the State," and which, in some inexplicable way, is supposed to have all power in heaven and earth to make men prosperous and happy, if only the appropriate formula can be devised in the shape of legislation. Thus we find in certain sections of the country the law invoked to make men temperate and sober; in others, to make them chaste; in still another, the Ten Commandments are to be enacted into statute law to make religion universal. If men, by reason of their own unthrift and reckless management, have lost their credit at the banks, a law must instantly create new institutions for the special purpose of discounting all their paper. If, because of various economic conditions, the market prices of their products fall, a vote of Congress must at once reverse the universal laws of trade and screw up prices to a given figure. If money is scarce, the legislative formula will make it plenty, and assure to every man a comfortable balance at the bank. The American farmer of a century ago, if floods destroyed his crops or pestilence destroyed his cattle, just saved and worked and practiced self-denial till he had made good his losses. The American farmer of to-day does nothing of the kind. He simply lets his hair grow long and starts a new political party. In fact, though we call it in this country by another name, the spirit of American political theory to-day in every party is the helpless spirit of State Socialism—a purely German product, and one that has been spawned and nourished by the legislative formula.

The educational formula is equally in

evidence among us. Just as the legislative formula is to make men prosperous and happy, so the educational formula is to make them wise and virtuous. Education can do anything, we are told, and everyone is capable of being educated, just as an any one is capable of being made an educator. It is a revival of the old Socratic maxim that no one will voluntarily go wrong if he only knows the better way. And in this the formulaic method is followed all along the line. There is first the educational formula itself, the alkahest, the universal solvent of our intellectual alchemists. Then there is the formula for making the first formula known, and the formula for inculcating the other formula; so that to-day we have teachers who teach teachers to teach other teachers how to teach. Everything is worked out to the last degree of scientific exactness. The individual idiosyncrasy of the learner does not count. There is a psychological formula which reduces all intellects and all capacities to a common denominator, and everything can now be done by a set of scientific rules, from the time required per diem for teaching each division and subdivision of a topic to the precise manner in which that topic must be taught, almost down to the cut of the teacher's clothes. Formerly it was believed that there must be a certain adaptability in the instructor, a certain regard for the needs of the individual learner; but that has been done away with now. In these days the scientific educator in the primary schools draws spidery little diagrams, in which a crooked line goes wriggling up a sort of trellis; and this psychological horoscope, all carefully marked out in accordance with a set of definite rules, saves everyone a world of trouble in deciding on his methods. Education nowadays, in fact, is being desiccated and formulated and reduced to the compact and convenient form of a set of logarithmic tables. All this, of course, is here quite strongly put. In detail and in particular instances it is subject to qualifications and exceptions; but as a characterization of existing tendencies it is absolutely true.

A natural corollary of such a state of doctrine is the popular assumption that anything whatever can be taught. Hence comes a proposition which is logically

sound enough and theoretically unobjectionable: that in the rapidly expanding curricula of our colleges and universities those subjects of instruction should appear which bear directly on the personal welfare of the student in his future life, and that his moral and social, as well as his intellectual, needs should be provided for. If we teach him languages and literatures and philosophy and history to make him an accomplished gentleman, and if we teach him chemistry and mechanical engineering to enable him to earn an income, why not also teach him those things that are vastly more important for his real happiness? Why should not the young and inexperienced undergraduate in the formative period of his early life learn from the lips of university instructors everything that makes for a rational, virtuous and successful life—how to preserve his health, how to resist temptation, how to choose his profession, how to avoid mistakes in business, how to invest his money, how to select a wife, how to bring up children and how to grow old gracefully? These things are really most important—they are even vital; and why should not the universities make the teaching of them a matter of most serious concern? Why not, indeed? The thought is very beautiful and pleasing. In fact, if all the blessings of the legislative formula shall finally be added to the equally beneficent effects of the educational formula, what a glorious world this world of ours will be! When legislation finally assures to every citizen a princely income, and makes him chaste and temperate and earnestly religious, and when education gives him perfect wisdom, unbroken health, a thoroughly congenial occupation, exemption from all business troubles, a fascinating wife, and children that shall always fill his heart with pride, then truly we shall all be living, not merely in Utopia, but in Paradise.

The great defect in all this sort of argument, so far as it relates to education, is precisely that which vitiates so many of the German theories. It takes no notice whatsoever of the facts of man's experience, and it is based upon the fallacy that all possible subjects of teaching stand upon precisely the same basis. It does not carefully distinguish, as one is ultimately forced to do, between the facts of

which a purely intellectual knowledge is sufficient to afford a reasonable grasp and those other facts to which this knowledge can of itself give no real practical importance. For instance, by drilling any man of average intelligence in the necessary rules and principles, it is entirely possible to make of him a tolerable mathematician, because when once he knows those rules and principles he has done what is essential. In like manner you can, by your mere teaching, make a sort of linguist of him or a grammarian or a bibliographer. But you cannot, on the other hand, by any possible amount of formal precept or instruction or exhortation endue him with sobriety or continence or prudence or practical wisdom. And why? Simply because in all these things mere knowledge is not half enough; but it may be, as it usually is, a thing entirely apart from practice. The knowledge that merely knows is a very different thing from the conviction that dominates and deters. One may to some extent be drawn from teaching, but the other can come from grim experience alone. Is it, indeed, through lack of knowledge that most men violate the laws of life? Are those who drink themselves to death not perfectly aware of what they are about? Are the gluttons and the dissolute supremely ignorant of what will ultimately happen to them? Does not one hear men every day declare that such and such a thing is killing them but that they cannot bring themselves to give it up? And are not these things oftenest found among the very class that is made up of educated men and women?

"Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor"

is a confession that is at once both older and more modern than the time of Ovid, who first wrote it down. It might, indeed, quite truthfully be made by everyone who has fully and freely lived the life of the larger world. All human history is rich in illustrations of how wide the gulf is which divides mere knowledge from the will and purpose to apply it—Seneca heaping up a colossal fortune and sitting down before a table wrought of beaten gold to write a philosophic tract on the curse of avarice and the blessings

of simplicity and poverty; Thomson, who never left his pillow before noon, lying in bed and composing enthusiastic lines on the delights of early rising; and quite recently, that blend of saint and satyr, Paul Verlaine, reeling home from a long debauch in the foulest stews of Paris to set down with trembling hand an outburst filled with passionate adoration of the god of purity. If only teaching could make human beings wise and good, the world would long ago have welcomed the millennium, for surely there has been no lack of teaching since the time when men first came to see the link that binds effect to cause. Through all the centuries the moralist has moralized, the philosopher has explained, the father has exhorted and advised, the mother has pleaded—and the young have listened to it all and then gone on their own way unconvinced. And through the centuries, also, the priests have taught, calling to their aid the arts of eloquence and the promises and threatenings of religion, appealing to every motive that can sway the mind—now promising in words as sweet as honey the splendors of immortal life and endless happiness, and now blasting the imagination with fearful pictures lighted by the glaring fires of hell. Does any one suppose that what duty and affection and pity and hope and terror, backed up by strenuous eloquence and religious faith, have never yet accomplished, can be effected by the kindly talk of a sleek university professor in some intercalated college course? What possible impression could be made in this way by even the very wisest and shrewdest and most eminent of teachers? A group of young men with the hot blood of youth running riot in their veins, their hearts on fire with passion and stung by an æstrus-like desire to fathom for themselves the secrets of the unknown life that lies in all its strange, mysterious fascination just beyond the college walls—how much will the teaching of another man's experience stand for in the minds of such as these? Some mewling milksop here and there may possibly accept that teaching and remember it; but mewling milksops do not count in the general scheme of life. And as to some of these proposed additions to the university curriculum, the humor of the proposition

strikes one rather forcibly. When a young man is about to fall in love, can any one imagine him referring gravely to his note-books to see whether the conditions are exactly suitable, and whether the professorial formula applies? And one would like to ask whether it is contemplated to give a practical and convincing turn to the instruction, as is necessary even in far less important subjects. Is the university to offer several electives in experimental courtship, and is there to be established a laboratory of love?

No; it is just as true to-day as it was true five thousand years ago and as it will be true five thousand years from now, that the most vital and important facts of life cannot be taught by academic training, but must be learned by every human being for himself. It is a hard saying; but it expresses nothing but the fact of human limitation—the limitation that serves as a line beyond which mankind can never go; for if the experience of the past could be accumulated, and if the youth of to-day could be at once equipped with all the garnered wisdom of his ancestors, and if every generation could add to this its own experience intact, the race of men would cease to be mere mortals, but would rise above the level of humanity and be as the immortal gods.

The fact is that so far from adding to the subjects now included in the university curriculum, we should instead diminish them. The present craze for making that curriculum a common dumping-ground for every possible variety of instruction is the most unfortunate of all the tendencies that are visible in educational theory to-day. As we have imitated the Germans in so many things, it is a lasting pity that we have not seen fit to imitate them also in excluding the teaching of the purely mechanical arts from university instruction and in shutting them off into the polytechnicum, where they properly belong. When machine-shops and factories and all the paraphernalia of the applied sciences are imported into the academic shades, and when the perfume of the Attic violet is stifled by the stenches of the chemist's crucible, the true purpose of the university is forgotten, and its higher mission is in a great measure sacrificed; for then

there can exist no longer a distinct and definite type of university man. The civic value of the university in times now past was this : it gave to the community a very special class, not only highly trained, and trained in a broad and liberal way, but trained also according to one particular standard and with an absolute identity of training. This identity of training bound all university men together by the strongest possible ties of sympathy and mutual understanding, so that they stood forth as a sort of Sacred Band, alike in private and in public life, exercising an influence for serenity and sanity of thought whose value was inestimable and out of all proportion to the actual numbers of the ones who exercised it. From this class came the men who laid so firmly the foundations of the American Republic, and who worked out in a broad, far-seeing way the basal principles of our constitutional law and public polity ; for of this class were Hamilton and Jefferson and Jay and Madison and Webster and Calhoun and Adams. They all received the older college training, based not upon the bread-and-butter principle, but upon the nobler and far loftier conception of what the highest education means. But now the curious belief that all subjects of study are in themselves equally important is importing into the sphere of university teaching anything and everything which the casual person may desire to know ; and worse than this, it is putting upon every grade of capacity and attainment the self-same stamp of approval. Yet those who argue for this equality of value in the subjects taught do not regard the products of such teaching as being equal. They do not rank a great fly-paper manufacturer with a great statesman, nor a great cheesemonger with a great physician. Yet when we hear to-day that so-and-so is a university man, one never knows by reason of that fact alone whether this person is in reality a gentleman and a scholar, or whether he is only a sublimated type of tinker. And now that this confusion has been thoroughly established, what intimate and universal bond of sympathy can possibly exist among the scions of a university ? The university has, in fact, been swamped by the influx of the mob, and its inmates are themselves becoming only an uncon-

sidered fraction of that mob. In other words, the so-called "liberal" policy in university government has not raised mediocrity to the plane of scholarship, but has degraded scholarship to the plane of mediocrity. It has been in every sense a process of leveling down ; in no sense has it been a process of leveling up. This, then, is gradually blotting out the true value of the university as a factor in the nation's larger life. By throwing its doors wide open to everyone and for every purpose, and by losing all perception of its original design, its chief importance and its noblest influence are vanishing away—lost in the well-nigh universal reign of the commonplace.

Linked closely with many other very serious educational mistakes, and from many points of view by far the most profoundly serious of them all, is that curious fancy, which is almost universal among our people, that education in itself and for all human beings is a good and thoroughly desirable possession. So axiomatic is this held to be that its principle has been incorporated into the constitutions of many of our States, and not only is education made free to all, but in most States it is made compulsory upon all. There is probably in our whole system to-day no principle so fundamentally untrue as this, and there is certainly none that is fraught with so much social and political peril for the future. For education means ambition, and ambition means discontent. Now, discontent is in itself a divine thing. When it springs up in a strong creative intellect capable of translating it into actual achievement, it is the mother of all progress ; but when it germinates in a limited and feeble brain it is the mother of unhappiness alone. Yet the State decrees that all shall have some share of education—that is, some share of discontent—and as the vast majority of minds are limited and feeble, compulsory education means everywhere compulsory discontent. Could anything be more fatuous or more dangerous from a statesman's point of view ? The thoroughly pernicious fruits of such a policy are already visible. We see on every hand great masses of men stirred by a vague dissatisfaction with their lot, their brains addled and confused by doctrine that is only half the truth and vaguely

understood, yet thoroughly adapted to make them ripe for the work of the agitator and the enemy of public order. We see the farms deserted by young men who flock to the already crowded cities in the hope of ease and fortune, and by young women whose attainments fit them to be admirable dairy-maids, but who aspire to be artists and musicians. Such education as these possess can never qualify for any serious rôle; it only makes for grievous disappointment and a final heart-break. Nor is there any moral safeguard in a limited degree of education. Quite the contrary. It only makes the naturally criminal person far more dangerous, converting the potential sneak-thief into the actual forger and embezzler, and the bar-room brawler into the anarchistic bomb-thrower. Statistics lately sent to Congress in a veto message show the fact that in our prisons the proportion of the fairly educated to the uneducated is far larger than among an equal number of ordinary citizens. And this is due to the ill-considered system which forces a half-education on all men whether they will or no, thus breeding for the State some of its most difficult sociological problems. A sounder policy would make the way to education easy, but not free to all. In minds that nature has adapted for development, discontent will spontaneously arise, and these minds will of their own accord strive upward. Let these find education easy of attainment since they are fitted for it; but more than this, no philosophical legislator to-day should advocate or desire.

The summing up of the whole matter, then, is this: the outlook of our educational future is very far from bright. A mistaken notion of the use and value of education now prevails, which in a sphere of elementary teaching is preparing danger for society and for the State, by looking far too strictly at mere theory and by ignoring fact; while in the sphere of university training the only safeguard against these growing evils is being gradually swept away. To seek to stem the tide of tendency is to-day an idle task, and one can only wait and hope for a reaction and a very radical reversion to the sounder practice of the past. With the modern scientific modes of teaching, and with an apparatus far beyond what

other centuries ever knew, the philosophic thinker can imagine a university ideal which may some day perhaps be brought to pass. But the key to it all is the true conception of what higher education really means. The university does not exist to train mere sordid toilers and to help them to make money. We do not need more baccalaureate bagmen, more "hustlers," more matriculated mechanics, more polymathic plumbers. We have too many of them now. Its purpose should be something higher—to teach serenity of mind and loftiness of purpose, to make men see straight and think clearly, to endue them with a sense of proportion and a luminous philosophy of life—a thing impossible to those who do not draw their inspiration from the thought, the history, and the beauty of the classic past. It should produce for the service of the State men such as those who in the past made empires and created commonwealths—a small and highly trained patriciate, a caste, an aristocracy if you will. For every really great thing that has been accomplished in the history of man has been accomplished by an aristocracy. It may have called itself a sacerdotal aristocracy, or a military aristocracy, or an aristocracy based on birth and blood, yet these distinctions were but superficial; for in reality it always meant one thing alone—the community of interest and effort in those whose intellectual force and innate gift of government enabled them to dominate and control the destinies of States, driving in harness the hewers of wood and drawers of water who constitute the vast majority of the human race, and whose happiness is greater and whose welfare is more thoroughly conserved when governed than when governing. From the small, compact and efficient body of free citizens who, amid the unfree and disfranchised, made up the aristocracies of Athens and of Sparta, and the patrician class in Rome, down to the gentlemen of England, this has been always true, and not because of the ostensible reason of their domination, but because they gathered to themselves and made their own all that was best and strongest in the nation, opening the way for genius wherever it was found and working out those great results that stand as monuments of hu-

man power. A caste, an aristocracy of intellect like this, might still be bred in our American universities would they but thrust out of their precincts the fad-dists and the utilitarians, exclude the factories and workshops and all the polytechnic patchwork that make of the university curriculum to-day a thing of rags and tatters, and retain only the hu-

manities and the liberal arts. Then they might once more give to the service of the nation men of high breeding and supreme attainments, who would rise above the level of the commonplace, to establish justice and maintain truth, to do great things in a large and splendid way, and to illustrate and to vindicate the majesty of man.

THE EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM.

SOME NOTES ON PROFESSOR PECK'S PAPER.*

THE paper which is contributed in this issue by the Professor of the Latin Language and Literature at Columbia University as to the sufficiency of modern education, is, from many points of view, the most interesting of the series thus far published. It makes clear to us the line of thought which has guided and is guiding many conservatives; and throws light upon the inexplicable, as it seems to those who would advance education upon a purely reasonable basis.

Professor Peck has taken such rank by his work as editor of the "Bookman" and in his chair at Columbia, that his views are entitled to be most carefully weighed. He is not only sincere, but admirably frank. He has had the courage to take, in print, the position which most of those, in sympathy with him, have been ready to express only in their own chambers, or over dinner-tables surrounded by those of like sympathies.

It is a matter of congratulation that we have at last a clearly defined statement of reasons for maintaining methods which have come down to us from the English universities. The public will now be able to consider the plausibility of the followers of tradition, as opposed to those who would boldly strike out on new lines more nearly in accordance with the conditions by which we will be surrounded at the beginning of the twentieth century.

Professor Peck recognizes what so few comprehend, or if they comprehend will confess, that the educational system of the country is the turning point in our form of government. The great universities have it in their power to quietly but effectually build up a sentiment which will change the conceptions implanted by the founders of our system of government, or may advance those conceptions until,

from the stage of crude, but ever more intelligent experiment, we may arrive at last at the ideal republic. Professor Peck does not hesitate to attack the theory, commonly held by the citizens of the United States, that education is a good thing for mankind. He says:

"Linked closely with many other very serious educational mistakes, and from many points of view by far the most profoundly serious of them all, is that curious fancy, which is almost universal among our people, that education in itself and for all human beings is a good and thoroughly desirable possession. So axiomatic is this held to be that its principle has been incorporated into the constitutions of many of our States, and not only is education made free to all, but in most States it is made compulsory upon all. There is probably in our whole system to-day no principle so fundamentally untrue as this, and there is certainly none that is fraught with so much social and political peril for the future. For education means ambition, and ambition means discontent."

I can imagine the reader taking a long breath after reading this paragraph. It seems almost as radical to the believer in republican form of government, as the Rev. Mr. Jasper's attack on the relative motions of sun and earth. Nevertheless, I am not sure but that it has something of truth, though, perhaps, not from Professor Peck's standpoint. The education given by the ancient English university, to which he would have us return, is well calculated to foster discontent. A curriculum that confines itself to dead languages and musty information—that has in it but little of blood or life—that teaches nothing of the problems of the hour, by which the graduate will shortly be surrounded—that holds up the far distant personage, from whom time has worn away all the semblance of reality, until he has for us but little more semblance of humanity than has the Egyptian mummy in our museums—which refuses to discuss the living, breathing, being—which seeks "to draw its lessons from the thought, the inspiration and the beauty of the classic past,"

* Prof. Peck has kindly given permission to have this criticism of his paper appear in this issue.—EDITOR.

and disdains the stern truths of the living present—such an education may well cause discontent; because from it has been eliminated almost every element which trains the mind to an understanding of the realities, which teaches man to make the best of nature's laws, and which brings contentment with earnest toil and contempt for the objects of feeble ambitions—in a word, brings that philosophic calm and love of neighbor upon which is founded a republic wherein all may enjoy comfort and independence.

Professor Peck pays tribute to German thought and the part which it has played in our evolution; but abuses roundly the tendency of our day to weigh every problem in the light of reason. Of the German he complains that to him "all problems whatsoever, whether social or political or philosophical, may be solved by taking thought." How would Professor Peck have problems solved if not "by taking thought?" Are we not to think? Are we to solve problems by refusing to "take thought?" Yes, that is the inference which, it seems to me, it is quite fair to draw from Professor Peck's argument. We are to go on doing as the good people, who lived in a less enlightened age, did. We are to shut our eyes to the discrepancies between the education that is required by the necessities of life as it is, and the so-called education which has come down to us from a people who were restrained by their iron-bound surroundings from "taking thought," and whose age was one of such enlightenment as could be filtered through the heavy oaken doors of the universities.

Professor Peck thinks that we are trying to reduce our civilization to a formula; but may it not rather be said that the education he would have us follow is based upon formulas—Greek and Latin formulas, written four hundred years ago? Because the American people are "taking thought" about the problems of their lives—those problems which so intimately concern their happiness and the happiness of their children—he says that "the cult of the formula has taken root" and that "the extravagance of our national devotion to it is proportionate to the energy and also the childishness of the American people." But, the American people are not childish—energy is not childish.

The motto of a republican form of government may be written: "In the intelligence of the many lies the good of all." Professor Peck, as the champion of the conservatives, would have, to quote his words:

"A small and highly trained patriciate, a caste, an aristocracy if you will. For every really great thing that has been accomplished in the history of man has been accomplished by an aristocracy. It may have called itself a sacerdotal aristocracy, or a military aristocracy, or an aristocracy based on birth and blood, yet these distinctions were but superficial; for in reality it always meant one thing alone—the community of interest and effort in those whose intellectual force and innate gift of government enabled them to dominate and control the destinies of States, driving in harness the hewers of wood and drawers of water, who constitute the vast majority of the human race."

Of course, the issue, over Mr. Peck's ascription to an aristocracy, is as broad as that over any fundamental belief. To the average American, "aristocracy" represents nearly all that has been evil in the history of government. The mistakes of republics have been the reactions from aristocratic misrule. Monopoly, feudality, unjust privilege—a limited combination of men who would take for themselves all the good and give to the many all the burdens—at one time a combination of cunning; at another time of brute strength; at another a combination of mechanical and mental skill—these are in the main the ideas which underlie an aristocracy—always, at all times and in all places, a "ring," selfish, unprincipled, cruel and devoid of respect for human rights. Whether you take, as an example, the various aristocracies of Rome; or the aristocracy of France, whose excesses finally precipitated the French Revolution; or the modern aristocracy of Great Britain, which amuses itself with feeble pleasures while eight and a half millions, subjects of the British Empire, are dead from starvation and as many more slowly perishing in awful agony—no matter what the age, or what the race, aristocracy is always the same.

If I am not mistaken, Professor Peck has rendered a most valuable service to the cause of education. This contribution from his pen will make clear to the public mind a matter that has long been indistinct and confused. It will be possible now to take sides without distraction by the many glittering generalities which have been thrown as a protecting ægis around "classical education."

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.



"JOLLY."

BY JOHN J. A'BECKET.

IT was half-past one in the morning. Four men were on the electric-lit porch of a Rockaway Beach hotel. On a wooden table rose four mounds of broken fragments of hard-shell crabs, clean picked. Four cigars, burning in as many mouths, told of the quartet's mood.

The sea broke drawlingly on the sand, not a stone's throw away. The sky was dark, with keenly blazing stars. The night breeze was cool and salty.

Over the creaking boarded roadway in front of the bibulous, smoking crab-eaters came a large van with strong sides. With it came a strong odor of concealed hyena. It rumbled and jolted past. A second like unto it followed. This exhaled a fruity flavor of warm lion. The lion was more than warm. He was petulantly hot in his cell of wood. Sleepers in the hotel whose dulled olfactories

did not herald the passage of the "king of beasts" were made cognizant of it by the protesting roars he belched forth on the "stilly night."

Next there loomed up a van and a colossal wain bulging with contents. They were lashed together as a tandem, a heterogeneous unit. In front of them, with delicate ponderosity of tread, a colossal shape, like a dusky wraith, heaved on its way and drew them after it, with seeming ignorance of the inhuman weight—a huge oblong ball of slate-colored clay, as it were, broken into countless seams as if the sun had parched its crust.

It was "Jolly."

From Coney Island he had dragged that preposterous load through the heavy, yielding sand, slowly, lumberingly, doggedly, with the patience of a Job, and without more sign of effort than if it had



Drawn by
Peter Newell.

"WITH EXQUISITE DEFTNESS INTO THE POCKET."

been a perambulator with an East Side baby in it.

The dear old elephant had no more the air of exerting himself than a magnet does when it draws iron filings to itself. And the load cried to heaven.

The moment he came to a halt, "Jolly" turned his massive head toward the night-hawks on the hotel veranda. They rose as one man and went to greet him. He forthwith began to make an interrogation point of his flexible proboscis, stretching it hither and thither, and curling it up like a rubber tendril.

A child could have read his simple, artless entreaty. The way had been long. He was hot, thirsty and hungry. Tired? No! He was *never* tired.

A friendly soul, several friendly souls, brought beakers of lager to refresh him and make his great hearty soul content. They should have been breakers

of lager, not these tickling dew drops of moisture. Jolly curled up his trunk higher than ever and with touching simplicity opened a triangle of salmon-pink mouth. He was like a genteel old lady, minus her teeth, who is driven to a yawn. The beer was dashed into this arid, pathetic aperture. What balm of Gilead after that long tug through the desolatesand by the sea!

As proof that an elephant is an intelligent animal and does not live by drink alone, whatever man may try to do, Jolly devoured slice after slice of bread that was handed to him. It was hard to tell which he did more quickly, transfer a thick chunk to his yearning mouth or twist his trunk back in a demand for more. Masticate? Masticate nothing.

After several quarts of beer and half a dozen loaves of bread had been thoughtfully purveyed to

him by the sympathetic quartet, Jolly was turned in under an adjacent shed, where he and a sacred tattooed bull passed the night with the boom of the dusky sea as their lullaby.

The circus and menagerie was to take place the next day, or rather that day, for Sunday morning had got a good start when the itinerant animals arrived.

The cook set up his kettle at once, lit his fire and proceeded to make coffee for the handful of circus folk who constituted or traveled with the hippodrome. The smoking aroma of the coffee soon lent an appetizing edge to the soft salt air.

The ground selected for the show was quite near the hotel. It seemed hopelessly littered with rusty tin cans and all sorts of tangled refuse. The sand lay in little wrinkly mounds. But they got the place into shape.

Jolly, the dear old thing, was the soul of the labor. Never did anything toil more willingly or seem so benevolently indifferent to personal exertion. When, thanks to him, the circus and his brother beasts had found a new local habitation, he was tied up on a wooden flooring in one corner of the show, and promptly forgot that life was full of toil. He began a gentle, cradling swing, forward and back, forward and back, making a rocking-chair of himself for his own benign relaxation. How beautiful his serene, homely blissfulness!

Some age-end Sarmaritan, touched by his noble, uncomplaining docility, brought him an appalling portion of whiskey and ginger. Up went Jolly's trunk, his flower-like pink mouth blossomed into view beneath the heavy tendril overarch-

ing it, and the staggering draught was hurled down his expectant gullet.

A twinkle of droll satisfaction came into his knowing old eye, and he chirped with delight. Those small appraising eyes, after a watery spasm, rallied and twinkled like little stars. His amusements



Drawn by Peter Newell.

THE WARM HYENA.

were so simple, so childlike. Everyone who approached where he rocked lullingly to and fro on his sturdy, tireless legs had his pockets picked forthwith—not rudely nor craftily, but with the ardor of a sweet child whom indulgence cannot spoil. He sent out his long trunk, thrust its supple tip with exquisite deftness into the pocket, and took whatever he found there that appealed to his taste. When one saw what some of the things were which Jolly promptly transferred to his expansive interior, surprise was akin to awe, and tales of the ostrich's digestion suddenly took on new credibility.

Of course, peanuts, apples, bars of sugared pop-corn and such delicacies, to which even the human stomach is not averse, were naturally toothsome spoils for the elephant, and were placed in the pockets of the good-hearted victims by themselves that Jolly might filch them for his delectation.

But when cigars, cigarettes, plugs of tobacco and the like were as earnestly appropriated and as serenely bolted, one marveled whether Jolly had anything that did duty for a



Drawn by Peter Newell.

"THE COOK PROCEEDED TO MAKE COFFEE."



Drawn by Peter Newell.

"BROUGHT BEAKERS OF LAGER TO REFRESH HIM."

palate in his system. He had discrimination, however. From the pocket of one of the spectators he plucked a cambric handkerchief. He disdainfully dropped it. From another he drew a white silk one and instantly tucked it in his maw, swinging his trunk back again to find its mate. Possibly silk handkerchiefs are swallowed less abradingly than cambric or linen ones.

Jolly was not only a mighty factor in the preparatory work of circus life; he also did his "turn." Dragging vans was not his solitary hardship. But he preserved his masterly philosophic calm through his "act," as in everything else,

and when returned to his own little floor in the corner, rocked himself and picked pockets with the same pleasant interest and absence of silly pride as he had displayed before.

Never was there a dearer old thing in the world. Any one who does not feel this is not worth human acquaintance. Jolly's career is not brilliant, nor yet one of cradled ease. He has to do all his own cradling. But for a serenely even tenor in his ways and "taking his work easy" he is a monumental and praiseworthy example.

He almost rises to the dignity of a Moral Lesson.

One thing is strange. All the humans who fell under his gentle fascination felt a warm liking for Jolly.

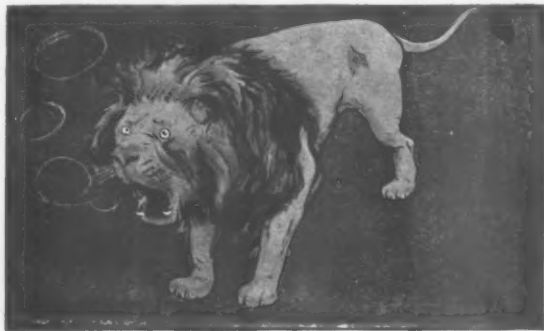
The morning of the same Sunday when this particular circus was at Rock-away a horse had been hitched in front of a shop diagonally across the sandy street from the hotel.

"That horse will break away in a minute," said a waiter, oracularly.

Why he should want to was not evident, but in a moment he did break away, and would have dashed off had he not been caught and led further down the street. The animal was trembling with fright.

When asked the key to his prophetic ken, the waiter said easily: "Oh, a horse can't stand the smell of an elephant or a bear."

They must have had a bear in the show!



Drawn by Peter Newell.

THE UPROARIOUS LION.



THE STORY OF SOME OLD FRIENDS.

BY GEORGE PANGALO, THEIR ORIGINATOR.

IT was in the year 1890, during one of those beautiful, bright December days of Egypt, that I first heard of the World's Fair. As I had been a resident of Cairo for over ten years, during which time I had had every and ample opportunity to study an interesting country and its people, I could think of nothing more appropriate than an Egyptian exhibit. The reports, however, that I had read concerning the magnitude of the World's Fair were sufficient to convince me that success could only be attained by attempting something unprecedented in the annals of former expositions.

My first step was to ask for an audience of the late Khedive, Ibrahim Tewfik. Having been introduced to His Highness on a previous occasion, I was able to get the desired audience at once, and, after half an hour's conversation I departed fully satisfied that my scheme, if carried

out as outlined by me, would meet the approval of the sovereign of the country.

Having obtained the moral endorsement of the Khedive, my next step was to secure the services of an architect. Cairo, or El Kahiireh (the victorious), abounds in monuments of Arabic art, which would have forever been lost to future generations were it not for the establishment, a few years ago, of the department known as the "Comite pour la conservation des Monuments de l'art Arabe." The architect who has charge of these affairs is Mr. Max Herz. His coöperation as architect of my enterprise, owing to his vast knowledge of Arabic architecture and his official position with the government, would give a standing to my project anywhere. To secure his services, however, I was compelled to obtain the consent of the committee, and this permission was granted on condition that he would work

for me only after the regular governmental business hours.

The third step to take, and of which I had lost sight in my enthusiasm, was to ascertain whether the World's Fair would countenance my scheme and grant me a concession. I made up my mind that the safest and shortest way to ascertain facts was by going straight to the source, Chicago, and also that my entrance first on the field would give me a decided advantage over any future competitors. Notwithstanding various discouraging opinions, I made all necessary prepar-

"February 6, 1891.

"GEORGE PANGALO, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR—I have the honor to inform you that the adoption of the following resolution was the action taken by the Ways and Means Committee, at a regular meeting held this date, in response to your communication of even date:

"Resolved, That the secretary of the Ways and Means Committee, in replying to the letter of Mr. Pangalo, be instructed to state that the committee will recommend the permission to use a piece of ground, to contain about fifty thousand



SOUDANESE FAMILY.

ations for my trip and left Cairo on December 22, 1890.

It will be remembered that at this early date the various departments of the Columbian Exposition (more especially the Ways and Means Committee) were not quite ready for business, and had not even realized the magnitude of the task they had before them. However this might have been, I succeeded in submitting my proposition to the Ways and Means Committee, and thanks to the courtesy of the majority of its members, prompt action was taken, and the following reply forwarded to me:

square feet, in connection with the 'Streets of Cairo,' provided the details of the concession can be arranged to the satisfaction of all parties in interest; said plans, specifications and details to be submitted to the proper committees for approval.

Very respectfully,

"SAM. A CRAWFORD,

"Secretary."

On my return to Cairo, March 12, 1891, Mr. Herz, the architect, agreed to reproduce a whole Cairo quarter, leaving out such buildings as were not worthy of notice, and replacing them by others



EGYPTIAN DUELLISTS.



GEORGE PANGALO, THE ORIGINATOR.

of acknowledged architectural beauty. During my trip to the United States in January, 1891, His Highness, Ibrahim Tewfik, who had given me so much encouragement, was taken suddenly ill and died. His eldest son, Primer Abbas, the heir to the throne of Egypt, who was then finishing his studies in Vienna, at the Theresienum, a semi-military college for the Austrian nobility, was recalled, and amid great festivities and rejoicings was crowned Khedive of Egypt Abbas.

I made it a point, therefore, to have my enterprise sanctioned by the new sovereign, as it had been by his departed father. At the audience that was granted me I related to His Highness my impressions of the New World and what I had seen and heard of the forthcoming exposition, all of which appeared to interest him immensely, and he expressed his regret that, owing to his father's untimely demise, he would not be able to visit the fair, as he had anticipated. He also expressed the wish of seeing the plans which Mr. Herz was preparing, and assured me that although he could not assist me and my undertaking in his official capacity, he personally sanctioned it and wished it all success.

Elated by this unexpected support, which was confirmed confidentially by one of the Khedive's cabinet ministers, I hurried the completion of the plans and

had them ready on the 20th of April, 1891, when I delivered them to the private secretary of His Highness. The day following I called at the palace and was told that His Highness had examined the plans, admired them, but that he had some questions to ask; thereupon the secretary obtained permission and ushered me into the Khedive's presence quite informally. The conversation that took place, as far as I can now recall it, was as follows:

"What do you intend doing with the mosque, Mr. Pangalo?"

"Your Highness, it is my firm intention to have it kept sacred, and as I will have a small colony of your Mohammedan subjects in Chicago, my desire is to have their mosque as well, where they can pray. With your kind permission I will place the mosque in charge of a muezzin (priest), to be appointed by your government."

"I am glad you give me this assurance, Mr. Pangalo, for I would not sanction anything similiar to what was done in the "Rue du Cairo" during the Paris Exposition of 1889. I was in Paris at the time, and, to my great sorrow, noticed that the mosque, which for the Moham-



EGYPTIAN WATER-CARRIER.



A NUBIAN WARRIOR.

medan people is a sacred place and for only one purpose, had been desecrated and put to all other uses except for praying, part of it being converted into a bazaar. I inferred, besides, from what I saw and heard, that instead of making that exhibit an instructive as well as an enter-

taining one, the latter feature was the only one attempted and with a great deal of vulgarity attached to it."

"Your Highness, my principal object, as already stated, is to give the world at large a correct idea of Egypt and I feel confident that with a colony of about two-hundred pure Egyptians, including women and children, and comprising all the different trades and professions of Egypt, living in their very homes, which I will reproduce in Chicago, I can portray the Egyptian nation in its true light, and make my exhibit instructive as well as worthy of amusement seekers."

His Highness listened to my statement very attentively and added that if the enterprise were carried out as outlined, he had no doubt it would be a success, and that he personally endorsed it.

The fifteenth of May, 1891, saw me again in Chicago, when I was least expected by the Ways and Means Committee. Although my plans had been accepted and approved by the committee and the proper officers of the Columbian



"CHICAGO" IN A CAIRO STREET.

Exposition Company in May, 1891, and sufficient proof given with reference to my responsibility and character, I was kept in daily expectation of a reply as regarded the granting of the concession until the latter part of December, 1891. Finally a spirit of justice seemed to prevail among the directors of the Ways and Means Committee, and a majority of their votes won me the concession over three other competitors.

Among the Chicago gentlemen whose assistance proved of great value to me, and who were instrumental in securing this concession and in organizing a company, I will cite Mr. Henry Ives Cobb and Mr. George C. Prussing, the former assisting me in setting forth the architectural beauties of my plan before the World's Fair Committee, the latter guiding me with his sound judgment in negotiating the terms of my contract and undertaking to interest a number of his friends in the venture.

Obtaining the long-coveted concession and organizing a company (The Egypt-Chicago Exposition Company: "Streets of Cairo"), with an adequate capital (two hundred and twenty-five thousand dol-

lars) to work the same, were two great victories, but to score the final and decisive one it was necessary to erect the buildings and to recruit, organize and bring over my colony of Egyptians. To these two matters I now directed my whole attention, and left for Cairo on December 24, 1891.

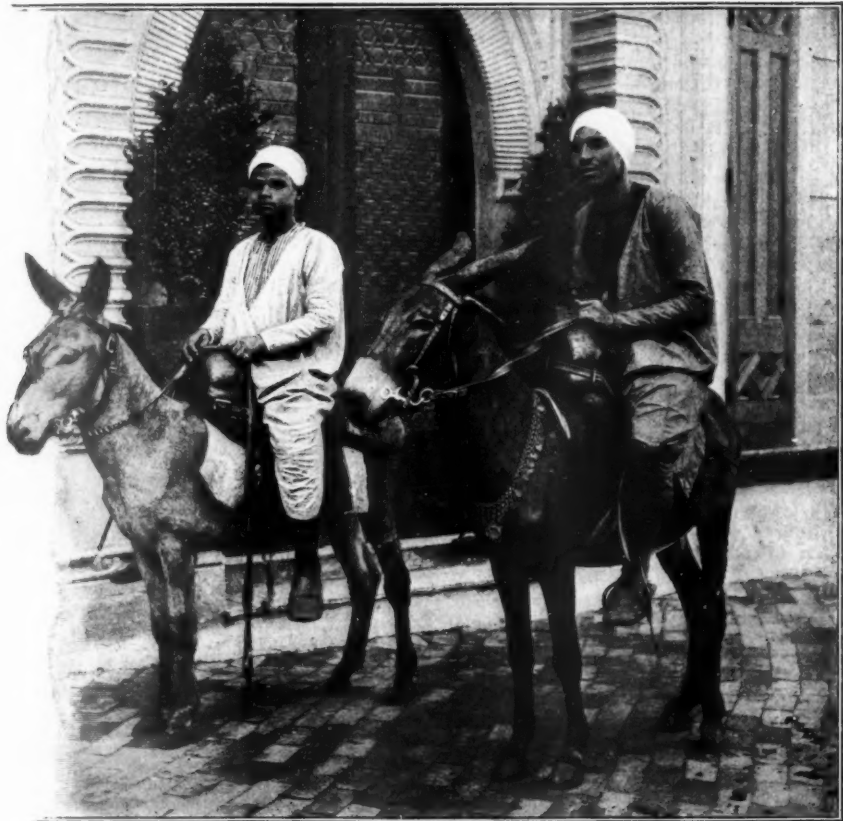
After leasing offices in a desirable location, I ordered half a million dodgers or circulars, reciting, in Arabic, the wonders of the New World, of the Chicago Exposition, and of its proposed Egyptian section, which were distributed broadcast all over the native quarters at intervals of three and four days. Further, I engaged twenty natives to go around the city, and, by word of mouth, inform the well-to-do Arab merchants of the forthcoming World's Fair and its Egyptian enterprise.

Just as this method of advertising was beginning to bear its fruit I was notified that a certain class of religious fanatics were endeavoring to undo my work.

The report spread by these people had it that the American people wanted to entice the Arabs to Chicago for the purpose of killing them because they were followers of Mohammed! So deeply did this



A FAVORITE SPORT OF THE EGYPTIANS.



EVERYONE REMEMBERS THE TWO "DONKEY BOYS."

absurdity impress them that it cost me time, money and thought to counteract its effect.

For the benefit of those who have not visited Cairo, I will say that this city is composed of two distinct quarters—the European and the old Cairo, the former consisting of buildings of but recent date, the latter of old buildings, with graceful architecture, balconies and bay-windows of mousharabieh, or latticework. In this work the Arabs excelled. The Arab of today, however, having been under the influence of our civilization for some time, is fast falling in line with European ideas of architecture, and in but a few years old Cairo will have made room for the modern buildings of the European type. For these reasons the use of mousharabieh, or lat-

ticework, no longer exists, except with furniture dealers, who use small quantities of it in making their "arabesque styles." The necessity of this industry having ceased, genuine mousharabieh is getting rarer every day, considering also that for the past thirty years merchants in antiquities have been despoiling old Cairo of its treasures for the benefit of tourists, artists and museums.

It was now my turn to join the ranks of the despoilers, as my buildings could not be true and of interest without the genuine latticework; and although I blush in saying it, I went to work with a vim that would have done credit to a vandal.

In order to avoid, however, arousing the suspicions of the shrewd possessors of

this article, which would have raised its price, I was very careful not to let any one know of my movements. The customary way for my confidential representatives to proceed was to obtain the name of the proprietors of the residences having mousharabieh, and also to ascertain their business and their means. A call followed, and a proposition was made for the latticework, which some eccentric tourist wanted for his collection. It was a rare occurrence to conclude a purchase in one day—a refusal to sell was never taken for final. A second, third and fourth call was made, until the deal was agreed upon, a contract drawn up and earnest-money paid by my agents. In many instances it was necessary to agree to pay a certain sum in cash and to replace the old lattice windows, balconies and doors bought by new ones of modern design; in others, a whole building would have to be bought, stripped of its mousharabieh and then resold.

Thus, in about nine months, over fifteen residences had been despoiled of their entire old woodwork, and over fifty others had contributed their share of carved pan-

els, doors, etc. By the end of December, 1892, everything was completed, carefully packed and numbered, and on the twenty-third of January, 1893, it was shipped to New York in charge of the foreman of the workshop, who was to assist the American carpenters in Chicago and do any repairing necessary.

The average Egyptian will believe only what he can see. I concluded, therefore, it was necessary to concoct some device by which I could show them that the Egyptian government and the Khedive endorsed my undertaking. I am indebted to the chief of the Cairo police force for the great assistance he gave me in executing this plan, which, simple as it was, reconciled the Arab's conscience to the idea of being transplanted to an infidel soil.

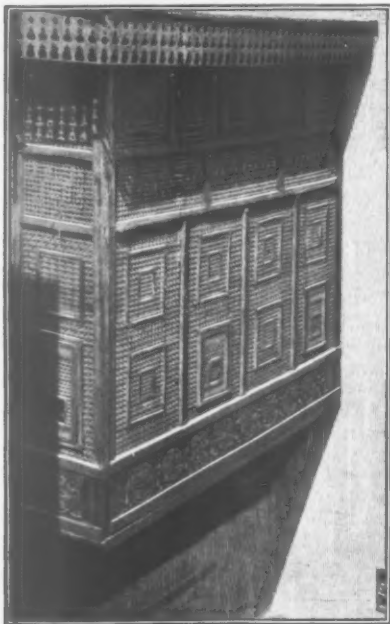
An hour's conversation with this official sufficed to convince him of my strange predicament. He promised to place at my disposal, as long as I needed them, two intelligent native policemen (zabtieh), and further, to instruct his secretary to request all police stations and sub-stations in Cairo to inform the Arabs, when possible, that the "American company" was all right.

Next morning at eight o'clock two of the finest policemen on the force called at my office, and after a military salute, said their orders were to report to me daily for duty. All I required of them was to stand in front of the main entrance to my offices and to say to inquiring Arabs that the government had placed them there.

To my great joy their daily presence, as well as an occasional call of a police captain, had the required effect on the



NUBIAN GENTLEMAN.

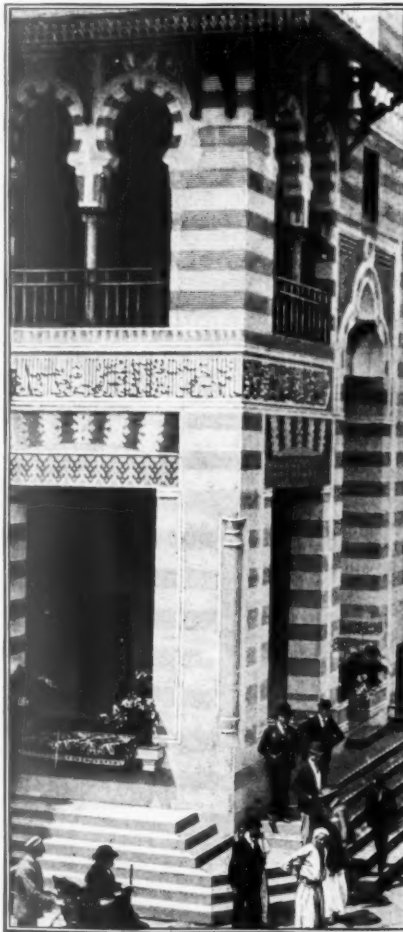


A FINE EXAMPLE OF OLD MOUSHARABIEH WORK.

THE STORY OF SOME OLD FRIENDS.

lower classes, and it was not long before they had magnified my "American company" into a "government enterprise."

From this on applicants of every kind and description flocked to my office—donkey boys, camel drivers, horseshoers, waiters, forerunners (sais), cooks, barbers, conjurers, wrestlers, jesters, coffee-grinders, musicians, scribes, priests, and many others whose professions, being distinctly Egyptian, have no English name; such, for instance, as those who organize wedding processions, those who rent tents, pitch them, and supply refreshments under contract.



A STREET CORNER IN "THE STREET."

The first to sign the forms of application I had prepared were the donkey boys, and in less than one week I had a contingent of over one hundred and fifty to make my choice from.

Four tents, twenty donkeys and seven camels had been purchased, as well as all equipments in the way of saddles, trappings and paraphernalia for the "wedding procession," which was one of the main features of my programme. For want of space I can only dwell briefly on this interesting feature, and will say that the wedding processions which thousands of visitors to the Streets of Cairo witnessed daily were identical and similar in every respect to those seen in the city of Cairo to-day.

There at last remained before me only the task of securing the Egyptian dancing girls. The "Danse du Ventre," a translation of which, I believe, would be superfluous, is as old as the Egyptians themselves.

I gleaned from conversations with Arabs of the better classes that I would



A BISHAREEN DIGNITARY.

encounter great opposition from different sources in my negotiations with the dancing girls. It did not take long, however, to see that the main opposition would come from the Syrian and Greek "managers" of the dancing-halls, whose business would suffer if I should engage their leading girls. What I apprehended most, therefore, was that, anticipating any action on my part, they would sign, in self-defense, long contracts with the dancers, thus debarring me from securing their services. Meanwhile, as I had ascertained that the contracts of the stars of these resorts had two or three months to run, I breathed a little easier. There was little doubt in my mind that if one of the girls could be persuaded to sign an agreement, the others, out of mere jealousy and envy, would follow her example. Following up this idea, I set aside all the prickings of my conscience and adroitly spread the following false report among frequenters of dancing-halls:

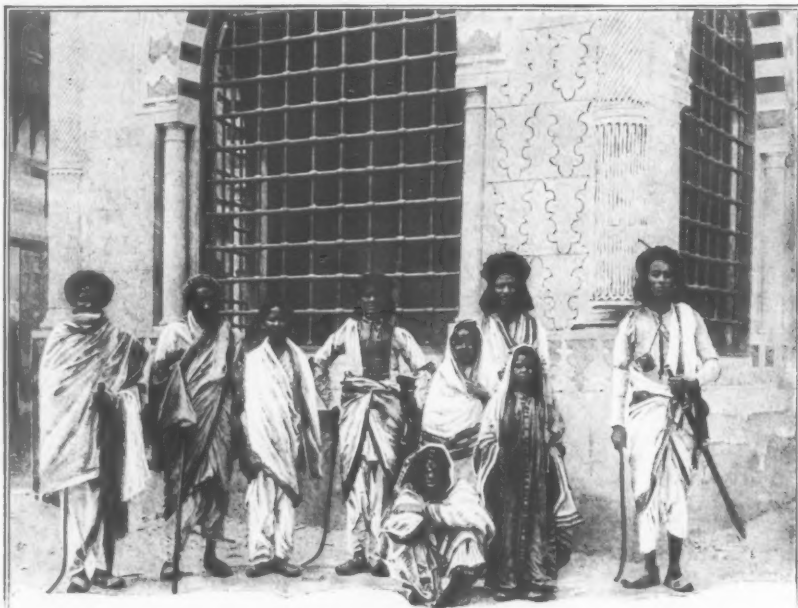


A LATTICED WINDOW.

"Mlle. Farida Mazhar, the splendid dancer, has already signed an engagement for the Chicago Exposition; several others, the Misses So-and-so, have been rejected by Mr. Pangalo, as they were not considered sufficiently expert."

It was not long before it went to the ears of the interested ones, and jealousy began to play havoc in their hearts. Farida's denials to her rivals were, of course, taken for a confirmation of her engagement, and their denials of having been rejected were sneered at by Farida. The latter felt flattered, the former insulted and hurt in their pride, and many were the quarrels and bickerings between them. Not long after this I secured Mademoiselle Farida's services, and as I had anticipated, her rivals gradually fell in line and signed agreements.

Since the Paris Exposition of 1889 so many cases of Arabs stranded in various parts of Europe had been brought to the notice of the Egyptian government that the latter deemed it proper to take



NUBIAN WARRIORS AND FAMILIES.



THE WESTERN END OF "THE STREET."

some steps for the protection of its ignorant and simple subjects. It was decreed, therefore, by the council of ministers that no Arab would be permitted to leave the country without the authorities' permission, and further, that any and all persons engaging Arabs for shows in foreign countries would be required to deposit in the Egyptian treasury sufficient money to guarantee the expense of their return home.

Pursuant to this decision I applied to the Egyptian government for permission to engage and take with me to Chicago about two hundred and fifty native men, women and children, and thanks to the kindness of Mr. Little, then our consul-general in Cairo, the permission was granted, on condition, however, that I would make a deposit with the Egyptian treasury for the traveling expenses of

the Arabs back to Egypt. This deposit was later fixed at fifty dollars per native.

Now, with reference to the transportation of my caravan, which by this time had increased to the number of one hundred and seventy-five all told, plus baggage, goods, seven camels, twenty donkeys, monkeys, snakes and provisions, I found that it would be far more advantageous to charter a steamer from Alexandria to New York direct than to go by the regular lines; in fact, going by these lines meant to split my caravan in two, as they refused to take camels and donkeys. My only alternative in this case would have been to wait for a tramp steamer to take them.

All negotiations for a suitable steamer having to be carried on in Alexandria, where all the steamship companies have

agencies, I intrusted to Mr. Ninci this part of the work. The offers submitted to me varied from seventeen thousand five hundred to twenty-five thousand dollars, and as there was no more time left for delays and negotiations, I accepted the lowest one and chartered for a lump sum of seventeen thousand five hundred dollars the steamer "Guildhall," flying the British colors, gross tonnage three thousand, commanded by Captain Tate, on condition that I would put up at my expense and in conformity with the laws of the United States governing emigrant ships all the fittings for my steerage passengers—the "Guildhall" being what is commonly known as a "tramp"—and further that I would provide food (water and fire excepted) for my steerage passengers.

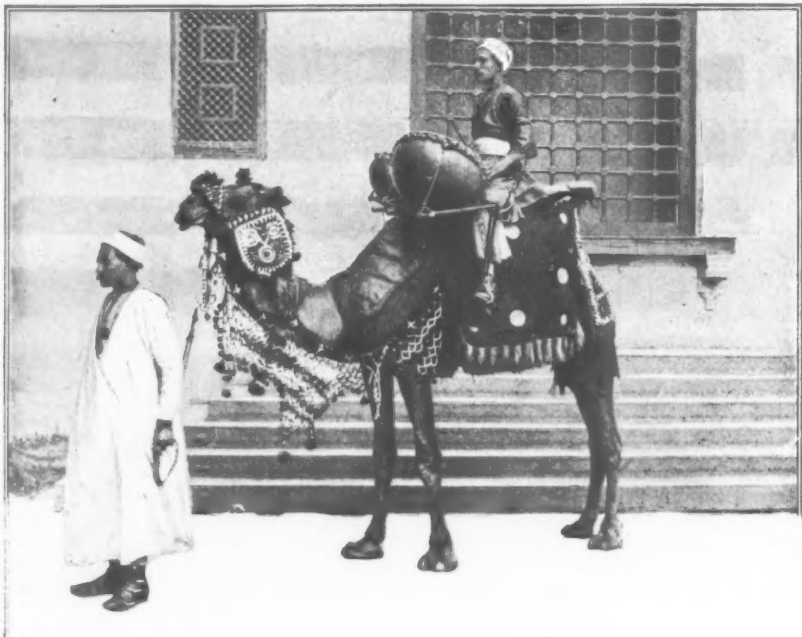
The "Guildhall" reached Alexandria on the nineteenth of February, 1893, as expected, and the date for our departure was set for the ninth of March, 1893. In this short space of time, thanks to Mr. Ninci's untiring efforts, not only was everything in the way of fittings for the steerage and animals and supplies ready, but he had also taken a cargo of Egyptian cotton and sugar for New York, thus reducing the cost of our charter.

The Streets of Cairo were a combination of twenty-six distinct Egyptian buildings of the purest Arabic architecture. The theater had a seating capacity of over one thousand five hundred. The booths, where all the products, wares and manufactures of Egypt were sold, numbered over fifty-seven, and the stands in various parts of the Street aggregated more than fifty.

The total gross receipts from all sources, including sub-concessions, amounted to seven hundred and eighty-eight thousand six hundred and sixty-six dollars and thirty-four cents.

Commissions or royalty paid to the World's Fair amounted to one hundred and fifty-nine thousand and thirty-four dollars and seventy-five cents.

Dividends paid to the shareholders, after returning the capital invested at six per cent., exceeded ninety-five per cent., and this in one hundred and fifty-six days, including Sundays; and after paying enormous running expenses and the one hundred and fifty-nine thousand dollars to the World's Fair, forty per cent. of the capital invested was refunded in July and the balance of sixty per cent. in August, 1893.





THE EVERY-DAY LIFE OF A SISTER OF CHARITY.

BY LIDA ROSE McCABE.

I.

TO no woman, perhaps, is accorded wider recognition than to the sister of charity. Familiar, in her ministrations, to the afflicted of mind and of body: the soldier wounded on the field of battle, the prisoner under sentence of death, the orphan, the foundling, the outcast—recognizing neither race, color, creed nor condition of servitude—the sister of charity is known to all men. She is the inspiration of the poet, the painter, the romancer, and even skepticism does not withhold respect, while her contribution to human amelioration is lost in the history of civilization.

To the general public any woman wearing a recognized religious dress and engaged in works of mercy is a sister of charity.

This is a misnomer.

There is only one community in the world legally incorporated under that title; namely, the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. This fact is recognized by the courts of the United States. Bequests intended for some of the numer-

ous sisterhoods engaged in works of mercy have occasionally gone to the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul when the testator failed to designate in his will the specific name in which the community he wished to benefit is legally incorporated.

The famous community of St. Vincent de Paul was established in Paris in 1663. Powers and principalities, all conditions of people, unite with Bossuet in declaring Vincent de Paul the saint of his age. In Madame Le Gras, St. Vincent found, as did St. Francis of Assisi in Sister Clare, all the talents necessary to propagate his works for suffering humanity. Since Madame Le Gras formed her little band of charity workers, sisterhoods have multiplied throughout the world. Under various names and with divers distinctions of dress, they are all vowed to poverty, chastity and obedience. Practically they are guided by the same rule, and exempting a few contemplative, or strictly educational communities, their labors cover largely the same field as that

of the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul.

A number of the most efficient communities of women are not, properly speaking, "religious" at all. According to accepted Roman theory—canon law—without solemn or perpetual vows, the religious state does not exist. The Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul were never intended to be a "religious" community, only a society of charitable ladies. They never take but a simple vow covering one year. Despite they are not a "religious" community in the medieval or canonical sense, they have been a model to all the communities devoted to charitable works that have come down to our time. Intensely practical, and almost wholly free from devout sentimentality, a more wholesome model does not exist. With their dark blue cotton gowns, white kerchiefs and huge white bonnets, they are a familiar, picturesque feature of the streets of Paris. They number to-day twenty thousand, while throughout the world are more than two thousand houses, which they have either established or else serve or direct.

The present century has witnessed a growth of communities for women for which no parallel can be found. While religious houses for men have steadily declined since the middle ages, sisterhoods have steadily

increased, and the supply of candidates for admission grows apace. Curious is the fact that sisterhoods have taken strongest root in countries where modern ideas have had greatest sway. Nowhere, perhaps, is general sentiment more adverse to such a state of life than in the United States; yet, nowhere are sisterhoods more prolific.

At home and abroad there is an ever-increasing demand for their services in works of charity, many of which were formerly thought unsuitable to women.

In this respect they may be said to share somewhat in the new order of things brought about by the "new" woman, while the latter, in turn, has yet much to learn as regards that to which she most tenaciously aspires from these same, apparently, antediluvian sisterhoods.

II.

The sister of charity made her first appearance in America in 1809. The foundress was Elizabeth Seton, familiarly known as Mother Seton. Like the foundresses of all the sisterhoods, Mother Seton was a woman of great fervor of soul and much administrative ability.

Daughter of a distinguished Episcopalian, Dr. Bayley, Elizabeth was born in the city of New York in 1774. After



MOTHER SETON.



MOTHER ELIZABETH.

the early death of her husband, a gentleman of high social standing, she espoused the Roman Catholic faith. With a few zealous women she established in a log cabin at Emmettsburg, Md., the community which took for its guidance the rule of St. Vincent de Paul. Its rise was rapid and widespread. The first branch of the sisters of charity in the United States settled at Philadelphia in 1814.

The American community was incorporated in 1850 into the original organization at Paris—the American sisters of charity, however, never adopted the dress of the French sisterhood. Deeming it too conspicuous and unsuitable to this country, they have clung to their original dress, which has undergone trifling modification, in keeping with the nature of their manifold labors.

The sisters of charity were called to New York in 1817. Their first charge was orphans. As the diocese grew and the supply of teachers for the parochial schools was inadequate to the demand, the bishop of New York, by special dispensation, had education added to the sister of charity's corporal works of mercy. Since then they have made rapid strides as educators, and to-day their



LEFT IN SAFE HANDS.

academies are no less solidly established than are their hospitals and asylums. The chief mother houses are at Mt. St. Vincent on-the-Hudson and St. Elizabeth's at Madison, N. J. The first superior of the former was Elizabeth Boyle, also a convert and the first to assume the coarse habit of a novice. Her humble labors began in the historic little house now included in Central Park and known as Mt. St. Vincent café. The present mother superior of St. Elizabeth's, who recently celebrated her golden jubilee as a sister of charity, also belonged to the original band of zealots. While each house is independent in its maintenance and jurisdiction, all, including more than a hundred missions scattered throughout the United States, are subject to the pioneer cradle—St. Joseph's—at Emmettsburg, Md.

To understand how these sisterhoods, born for the most part in poverty, nurtured in toil and privation, have spread everywhere, accumulating extensive and valuable properties and adjusting their rule to the needs of the lands and the people among whom they take up their abode, one must needs follow a novice through her novitiate, or sit in council with the fleet-footed, soft-voiced, black-robed



AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE WORLD.



WHEN ALL OTHER FRIENDS DESERT.

women who administer the affairs of a community.

The mother superior of the sisters of charity is assisted in the government of the community by three officers: the assistant superior, the treasurer and the procuratrix. These form, with the ecclesiastical superior and the mother superior, the council of the community. The ecclesiastical superior is appointed by the most reverend archbishop or bishop in whose diocese the mother house is located. The other officers are chosen by the suffrage of the sisters. Not until a sister has served a novitiate of two or five years, and taken the vows and habits of a "professed," has she a vote in the administration of the community. All council meetings are secret. It is only on the occasion of the election of a mother superior that sisters of charity are summoned from outlying missions to sit in council at the mother house. On a dais sit the council, while in the choir seats flanking the spacious chamber are the black-robed community, their spiritualized faces revealing little of the human suffering they have confronted; the tales of sorrow, crime and repentance to which

they have lent sympathetic ear and Christ-like commiseration. The constitution decrees that the triennial election for different officers shall not cause complete change. The terms of office for the mother and her assistants expire at different periods; those of the treasurer and procuratrix at the same time. There is always a sister appointed by the council to take charge of the religious training of the novices. This duty does not necessarily appertain to any of the officers named. Any sister may be chosen mistress of novices. It is the most responsible post in the community.

In the perfection of the inner woman lies the motor power that gives life and stability to all sisterhoods.

III.

Is my lady weary of the gay, the sad old world? Does she long to bury ennui, perchance attain a martyr's crown under the coarse garb of a sister of charity? Is the desired release



GOOD SAMARITANS.

from the trials of the flesh and the spirit to be had for the asking?

Knock at the portal of a mother house of a sister of charity.

The nature of her errand made known, the candidate for admission to the sisterhood is ushered into the presence of the mother superior. A polite, but no less drastic, cross-examination ensues. Age, health, family ties or obligations are carefully considered. If the conversation reveals facts, traits of character, which in the judgment of the mother superior would be dangerous obstacles to the applicant finding peace, happiness, usefulness in community life, it is frankly made known.

A letter of introduction from a spiritual adviser greatly expedites an initiatory visit. As it is a step that requires great deliberation, the applicant is generally acquainted with one or more members of a community and not unfamiliar with the details of community life before she makes formal application. The approval of the mother superior secured, the applicant is enrolled among the postulants.

First, the mistress of clothes takes her in hand. The dress of the world is discarded for a plain, full black serge skirt, fastened to a plain waist, fitted over a corsetless form. A cape of the same stuff falls to the elbow, narrow turned-down white linen collar and narrow turned-back cuffs complete the neat attire. Over her hair, which is not cut until the second stage of the novitiate, is worn a white bombazine cap. The feet are shod in square-toed, common sense heeled shoes.

The sister of charity is the pioneer of dress reform.

From the mistress of clothes the postulant passes to the mistress of novices, under whose guidance begins her round of duties. The rule of St. Vincent de Paul prescribes that every inmate of the house of a sister of charity shall rise in winter at five and in summer at half-past



AT THE HOSPITAL BEDSIDE.

four o'clock. Early rising is the first severe trial of a postulant, especially if "nature's sweet restorer" is prone to hang heavily on her lids. Many a sister, after a lifetime of discipline, found to the end early rising one of the severest trials of community life.

By half-past seven every inmate of a mother house is at work. The mistress

of novices assigns to each postulant the day's duty.

IV.

St. Vincent de Paul hesitated not to say that the sister who assumed the responsibility of mistress of novices should be an angel, since he expected the young sisters to be so fortified in their novitiate against the dangers of the world that they would stand like so many rocks against "its seductive snares." To discern inclination of souls whose secret impulses are known to God alone is the province of the mistress of novices. That her discernment of character is almost supernatural the inner life of sisterhoods attest. The mistress of novices is practically the forerunner of modern educators. Where is individualism brought to higher, more practicable, tangible perfection than in a flourishing sisterhood?

Every sister of charity must feel in her own perfection the latent spring to all her exertions. To discern, to develop that perfection is the duty of the mistress of novices. To this end, following the admonition of St. Paul, she seeks first the natural woman.

Nowhere, perhaps, is the kinship of cleanliness to godliness more practically exemplified than in the persons and houses of sisterhoods. The postulant is early initiated into the value of hygiene.

Often the severest, the most revolting duties are first imposed to test the spirit,

the humility, the pliability of the aspirant for self-abnegation. The woman of white, tapering hands, the woman of elegant leisure in the world, is set to scrubbing floors, washing dishes, or put at a wash-tub. All sorts of menial labor falls to each, irrespective of previous training or social condition. Obedience is the first law, as it is the first vow.

The life of a sister of charity knows no idle moment. Recreation, however, is not wanting. Great caution is exercised

that physical strength be not overtaxed. Careful attention is given to the moral and mental bent of each postulant. As quickly as aptitude for a special line of work is perceived, the postulant is put in training. When executive or administrative ability is displayed, she is given charge of a department.

Everything is systematized. Nowhere is the economy of mental and physical resource more tangibly developed and applied.

Several times a year there is an exodus of postulants and novices from the mother houses to the various hospitals, orphanages, founding asylums and industrial schools of the order.

Those destined for hospital work are put in the training-school for nurses, while others begin their life-work with the orphans and outcasts. The postulant whose bent is intellectual is put under the care of the mistress of studies. Despite this individual training, a sister of



AN ANGEL OF COMFORT.

charity, like a soldier of the standing army, is liable to be summoned on a minute's notice to the farthest ends of the earth or to assume duties for which she has had no special training. Hers is the will of the mother superior.

V.

The novitiate is the most important, the most critical part of community life. If at the end of six months' probation the mistress of novices decides that the postulant has the essential spiritual and physical qualifications for the arduous life of a sister of charity, formal application is made to the mother superior to take the vows. No ostentatious ceremony marks the postulant's entrance to the novitiate proper. Her hair is now cut. Robbed of woman's crowning glory, she dons a cap with one deep white fluted border encircling the face. Over the cap, which is tied under the chin with a white linen bow knot, is draped a black bombazine veil.

The turn-down collar is deeper than the one worn by the postulant, and the close-fitting sleeve gives way to a slight flow, with an inside fold of dark blue stuff. A cord and rosary encircles the waist. If the novice is destined for hospital or asylum work her head-dress is a black oil-cloth bonnet, with wide rim and black bow knot.



IN TIME OF DISTRESS.

In the presence of the community before the chapel altar she takes the vow of poverty, chastity and obedience. The vow of poverty in modern sisterhoods implies community of goods, since each sister brings to the community a dowry, which



THE ART SCHOOL.

is controlled by the mother superior. The dowry is a stipulated sum sufficient to cover the living expenses of the novitiate. Any money a sister brings to the community beyond the stipulated dowry is at her own volition. If a woman is penniless, other things being equal, she is not debarred entering the sisterhood.

A sister of charity never possesses a penny in her own right. Her modest needs are supplied by the common treasury. To the three cardinal vows characteristic of all sisterhoods, the sister of charity adds: "the care of the sick poor."

The vows are taken for only one year. Every sister of charity, novice or professed, renews her vows once a year. When the novice makes her first vow, she takes the name by which she is to be known in the sisterhood. The novitiate lasts from two to five years. At its conclusion there is another slight change in dress. The cap assumes two fluted borders, and the blue sleeve-lining is replaced by one of white. The novice

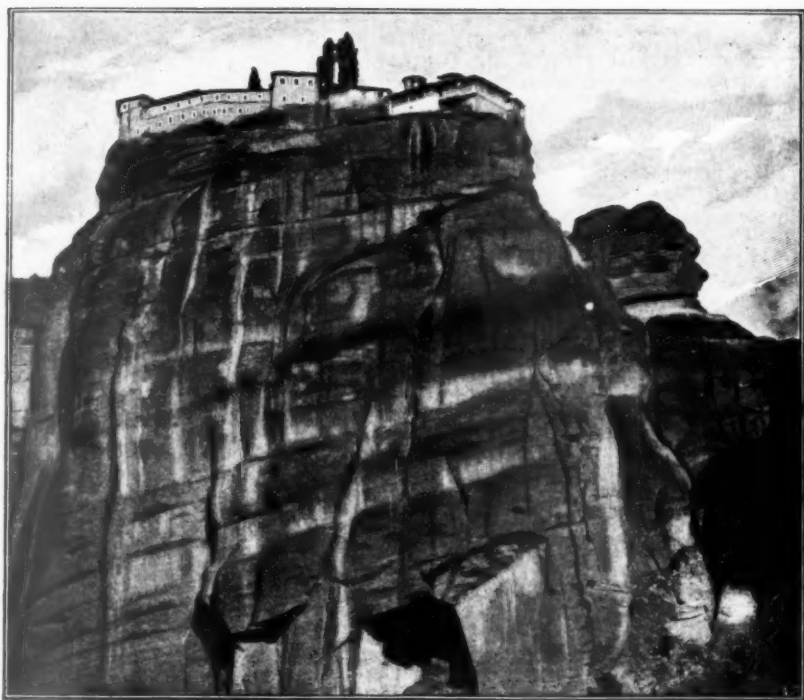


LAST MOMENTS.

is now a professed sister. At any time, however, she may discard habit and vow and return to the world, for, as has been said, modern sisterhoods, unlike medieval convents, know not the restraint of solemn or perpetual vows. It is rare, indeed, that a professed sister or a novice in the second stage of the novitiate deserts the order. Human nature asserts itself in sisterhoods as else-

where. No amount of fasting, prayer and discipline can wholly suppress it. To comprehend the crucible through which a sister passes in her effort to obey the scriptural injunction, "If you love Me, sell all your worldly goods, take up the cross and follow Me," one must don her coarse habit, partake of her coarser fare, pray, work and weep with her until her eyes close in the last sleep, and the companions of her sorrows and her joys lay her away in the little cemetery of the mother house, where a white cross tells the wayfarer that there lies one who "lived and died in the love of the Lord."





ST. BARLAAM MONASTERY.

GREEK MONACHISM.

By Z. T. SWEENEY.

THE traveler who has stood upon Inspiration Point, in the Yellowstone Park, and gazed at the tall spire-like rocks that rise from the bottom of the cañon, is astonished to see that eagles frequently build their nests upon the summits of them. He would with difficulty believe that men can and do live in almost as inaccessible spots. On the south side of the mountain chain that forms the boundary line between Greece and Turkey, and within a short distance of the present seat of war, there is a strange settlement of Greek monks. The river Peneius, rushing down from the Pindus Mountains to the Thessalian plain, runs through an amphitheatrical plateau, surrounded by about twenty-five large obeliscal rocks, ranging from one hundred to one thousand feet in height. They rise out of the plains like tall

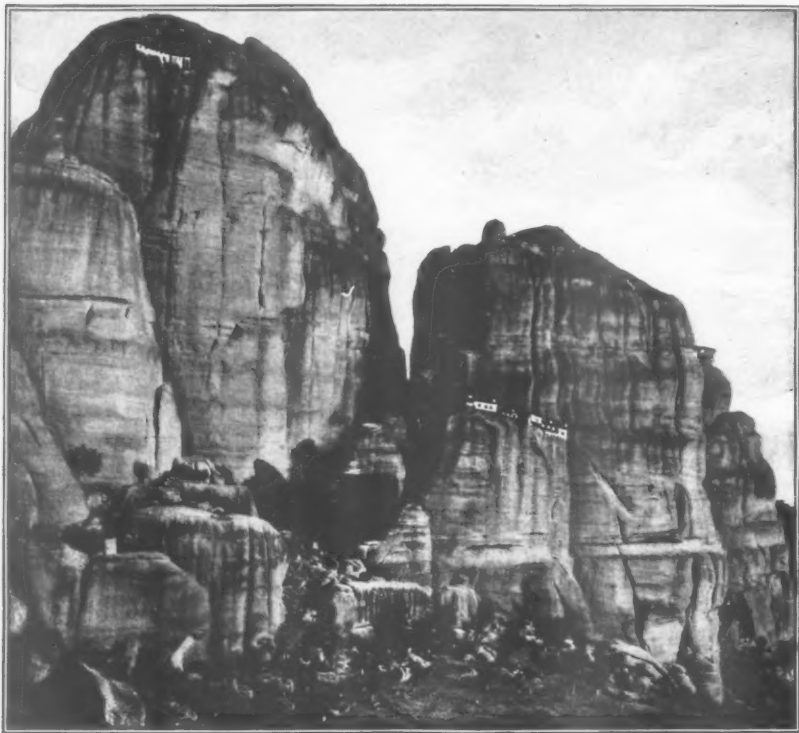
needles, similar to the formation known in Montana as "the bad lands"—*terre mauvais*—and represent the terrible conflict between stone and water that raged there long before Greek or Turk had entered upon the scene of conflict.

I have believed with John Ruskin that holiness and helpfulness come from the same original Saxon root-word, and, therefore, that the holy man should be a helpful man. But I confess that I have often been at a loss to comprehend how any person could find in the religion of Christ that which would lead him to forsake home, friends and usefulness to his fellows, to wander away into caves and dens or clefts in the rock and live a life of almost absolute idleness. But the fact that many have done so is an evidence that humanity has always believed it could make spiritual advancement by

mortifying the body. With the Oriental, very curiously there seems to be an intimate relation between saintliness and faith and dirt; the uglier, uncleanlier and more uncomfortable one becomes the greater the sanctity.

These rocks in the dark ages were the abode of numerous "holy men," who had fled from the active conflicts of life to burrow like rabbits in the cliffs and caves, only to renew the fight with that evil which they had brought with them. But

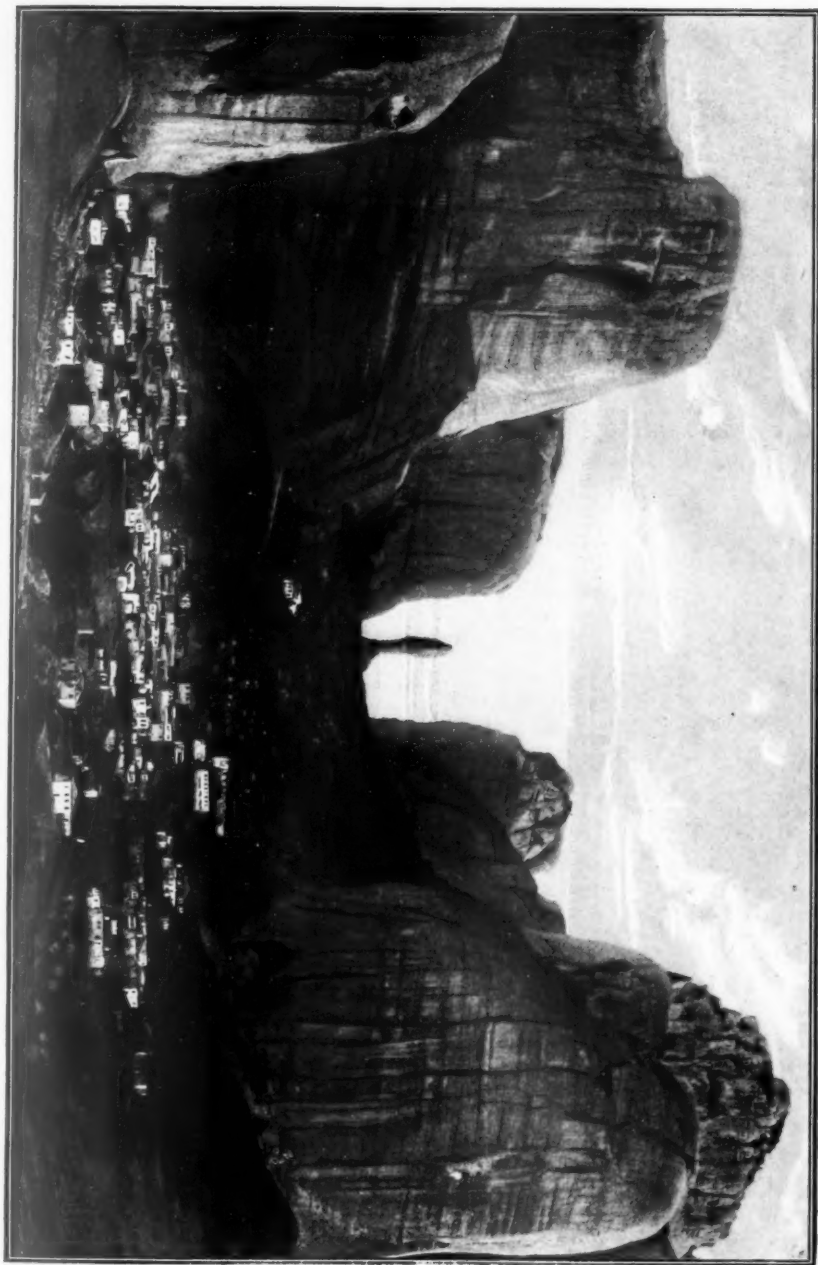
"knock" in a novel way. The signal is given by firing a gun, and after a painfully long delay, during which the visitor gradually becomes aware that he is being carefully inspected from above by some long-bearded monk, a cord is let down, to which may be attached letters of introduction and such requests as he desires to make. If the letters prove satisfactory, the visitor sees a large, ragged and very much patched rope let down by means of a windlass; to the



ST. MORA.

the frightful Saracen conceived a great liking for hermit-hunting, which made it very unpleasant for the poor anchorites. They were thus compelled to seek a more inaccessible spot, and by some means or other managed to ascend the steep stones set in the plain and build monasteries upon the summits. There were originally twenty-four; but of these only six remain, the largest being that of Meteora—"in the air." In order to enter one must

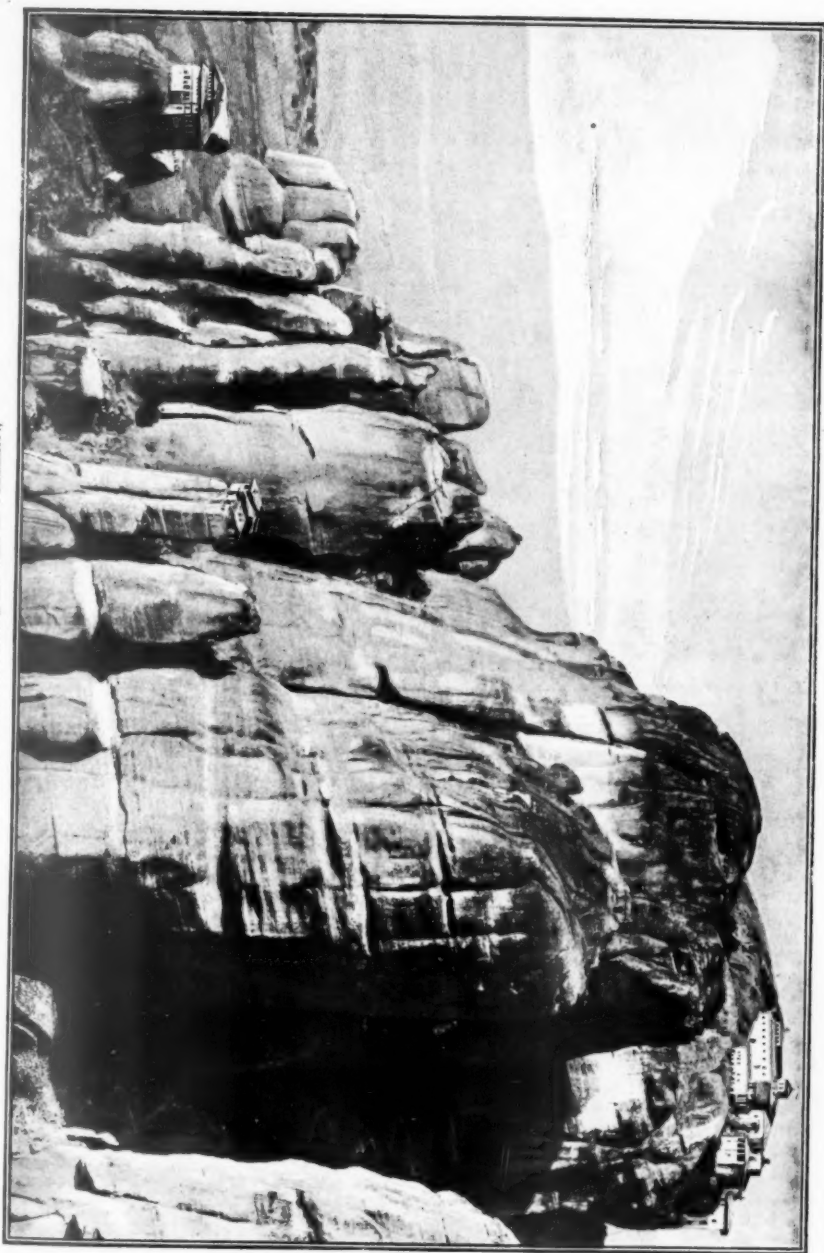
the lower end of the rope is attached a net, which he spreads upon the ground, and after depositing his traps in it gets in also. The rope is tightened by the monks above, and as the net is drawn together the visitor and his luggage are rolled up into an irregular ball that goes spinning round and round. The ascent made in this manner produces dizziness in some and timidity in others. After ascending about one hundred and fifty feet, the pas-



THE VILLAGE OF KALABAKA AND ST. STEPHENS.



MONASTERY OF ST TRIADA.



"METEORA IN THE AIR," THE LARGEST MONASTERY

senger becomes aware of a strong lateral motion, and soon finds himself sliding along the floor. When the rope slackens, the net is opened up and its contents subjected to the gaze of the brotherhood. The first effect upon the tourist is embarrassment; but seeing that none of the monks regard it as other than an ordinary

The Monastery of St. Stephen is entered across a great chasm by a wooden draw-bridge, which can be pulled up from within. The view from this spot is



ST. ROSEREA.

transaction, the unceremonious entrance is soon forgotten.

If any one should feel dissatisfied with this method of ingress, there is another way to ascend, by climbing a succession of ladders, which are tied together with ropes and let down by the monks. After one has seen a monk clinging to one of the ladders, while they sway backward and forward in the wind, the former method is generally selected.

There are some twenty or thirty Caloyers in Meteora under the control of an agoumenos. They have a church, a small chapel, refectory and kitchen. In addition, may be mentioned the windlass-tower, through which the entrance is made.

The next monastery in importance is St. Barlaam, the ascent to which is higher than that to Meteora, being two hundred and twenty-two feet. It occupies more than an acre on the top of the rock, and has the same number of buildings as Meteora; it has also a library of about one thousand volumes, which include some fine copies of the Aldine Greek classics.

exceptionally fine. The village of Kalabaka nestles at the foot of the rock, and from thence is a wide stretch of undulating country, reaching across the very scenes where so recently the Greek and Turkish armies were struggling. The view reaches on past Triccala, Larissa and Tirnavo; past "Pelion on Ossa, piled," sweeping northward, till at last is seen Olympus, clad in snows perpetual, glittering in the evening sun-rays like some giant warrior clad in silver mail. St. Triada has only a few monks and an insignificant library, although the buildings are capable of holding a much larger number of both. St. Roserea is on a perpendicular rock, about one hundred feet high—so small is the top that the monastery buildings cover the entire surface.

Little by little the monastic life is giving way before modern Greek civilization. If Greece should be so fortunate as to win in the present struggle, which seems very unlikely at this writing, it will inevitably result in such a stimulus to her civilization and political importance as to cause her recognition as one of the "powers."



THE GENESIS OF A COMIC OPERA.

FROM STUDY TO FOOTLIGHTS.

BY REGINALD DE KOVEN.

FEW among the audience who see the curtain rise and fall on the "first night" of a comic opera realize what that first night means to the composer, the librettist and the many, both before and behind the curtain, who are interested in the production. The audience sits comfortably back in its chairs, with no thought of all that that first night implies to everyone concerned. There have been months of arduous study on the part of the authors; then endless interviews and consultations with stage managers, with scenic artists, costumers and designers; following this have been weeks of rehearsals; in fine, there are

a thousand and one details which have to be thought out, studied and discussed before a reasonably smooth or adequate performance can be presented to an audience for their approval or disapproval. Were these requirements more fully understood, a first night audience would, I am sure, be more lenient in its judgment, less carping in its criticism and generally more ready to make allowances for those imperfections and shortcomings which even weeks of the most careful and elaborate rehearsal are often insufficient to overcome.

Of course an audience does not stop to

consider the amount of actual capital in money, not to speak of the capital in brains and artistic reputation, invested in the production, which on such an occasion hangs upon its nod. It pays its money, and at the end of the performance is pleased or the reverse, and that is the end of it for them. The same is true of a dramatic production, although in a less degree, as the preparation of no play, not even that of a spectacle or melodrama, involves such care and infinity of detail as does the production of what we are accustomed to style in this country, with considerable looseness of definition, be it said, "comic opera."

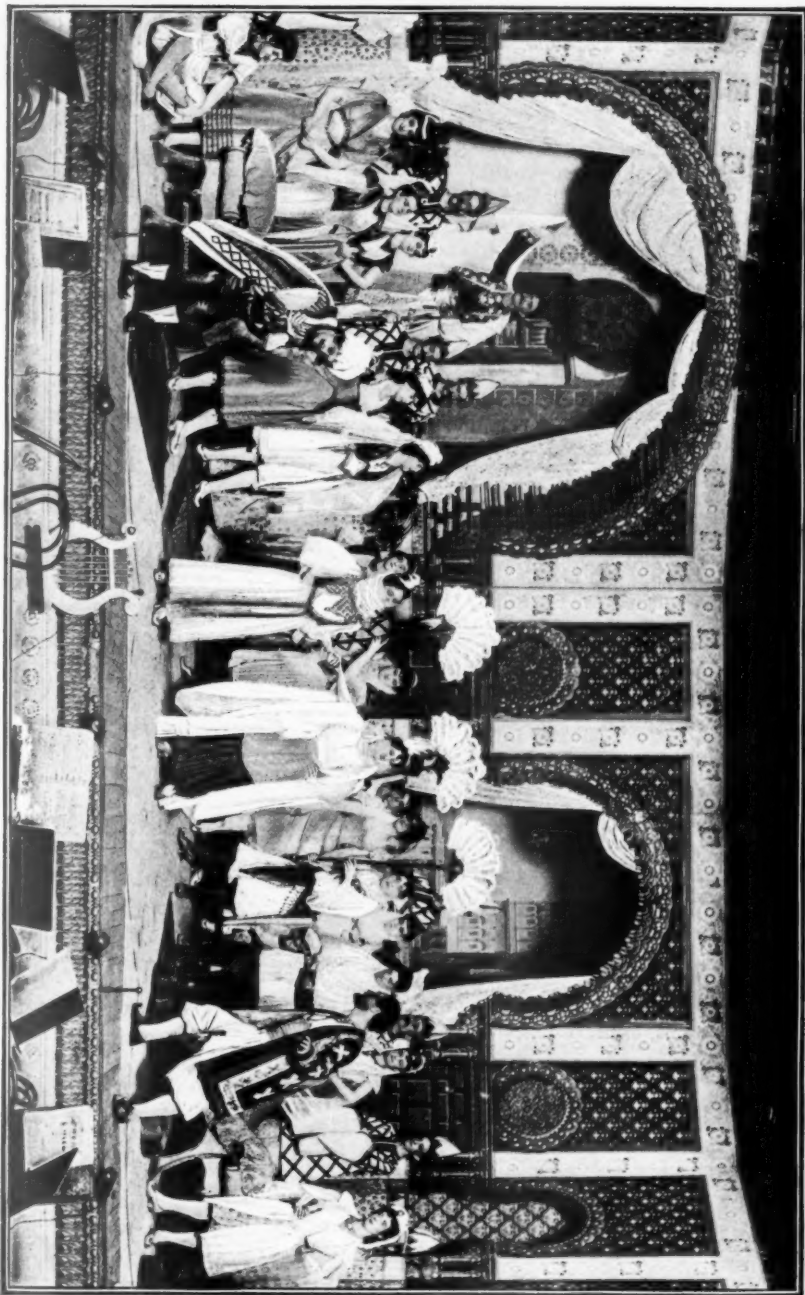
When using this much abused term in this article I shall mean by it that kind of a legitimate musical piece, perhaps best represented by Sullivan's "Mikado," Millocker's "Beggar Student" or Strauss' "Merry War," wherein the musical portion is of sufficient value and importance to be considered, from the artistic standpoint, as a legitimate contribution to musical art, for, as an eminent critic has observed, "A good waltz is far more artistic and valuable than a bad symphony."

The old saying, "Omne ignotum est pro magnifico," is peculiarly applicable to the way in which the general public regard the productions of men who are working in the arts. I have sometimes replied to people who have expressed a boundless wonder and admiration at the fact of a musician being able to transfer ideas from his brain to quavers and semi-quavers on paper, that, like Columbus' egg trick, it is very simple when you know how. What is your plan of operations with your librettist and your method of work? have been asked me more times than I can number. Their anxiety is, like Tottie's, "to see the wheels go round."

In this article I have endeavored to outline the gradual development of a comic opera from the time of its inception in the brains of the author and composer up to the hour when it is offered to the public for final judgment. Not being familiar with the methods of other workers in the same branch of art, what I have said here has been based upon the results of my own experience—that personal experience which is, indeed, a good teacher, albeit a somewhat expensive one.

Of late years the popularity of comic operas, and the consequent demand, has been so considerable that, as a rule, a librettist and composer of any reputation will have a commission from manager or star for an opera before putting pen to paper. If, as sometimes happens, the opera is intended for a particular star, that star must be consulted as to the kind of piece which he or she may think most suitable to their particular talent or special bent. In this case the composer and librettist are necessarily hampered by the requirements and limitations of the person or persons for whom they may be writing. To illustrate this I quote a letter received by Mr. Smith and myself when we were engaged upon an opera for a well-known star, who, after various and sundry instructions as to what the piece might, could, would and should be, wrote as follows: "Of course, I realize that the opera must be funny, because the public go to the theatre nowadays to laugh; but nothing funny must happen while I am on the stage, and I must be on the stage all the time." To overcome obstacles of this kind the fullest resources of the unfortunate composer and librettist are called into play, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that they do not always succeed in pleasing the star and the public at the same time.

But let us suppose that the composer and librettist have the good fortune to secure a commission from a manager for an opera to be delivered within a certain time, and, unhampered by any stellar requirements, they are left to themselves to evolve their best. Choice of a subject and the style of treatment having been determined, the next thing that comes up is the question of the surroundings in which the action of the piece is to be laid. And this is a question of prime importance; for opera, and perhaps more especially comic opera, being in and of itself an unreal and absurd condition of affairs, the farther that you get away from actual reality on the stage the more real it appears to the audience. A good story, of which, of course, the librettist is supposed to have a stock on hand, where the humor arises, as it should, from the situations and not from business injected by the comedian, and admitting of proper and logical development, will be equally in-



A SCENE FROM "THE ALGERIAN."

teresting, generally speaking, in almost any scenic surroundings. One is, therefore, governed largely in the choice of a locale by what other authors have done; the idea being to select a country for the scene of the story which has not, like France, for instance, been done to death in other operas. Comic opera land is like public acres of the government. Preëmp-tion constitutes a good title. Another point to be considered is that there must be ample opportunity for picturesque costuming of the kind which the public seems to look for and expect. Mr. Smith has always claimed that one of our joint works, which did not have the success which its merits seemed to warrant, missed its opportunity because the female portion of the chorus was not permitted to appear in tights.

All details of scenery and costume having been satisfactorily settled, and a skeleton plot of the story made, the next step is to lay out a synopsis of the musical numbers. In doing this regard must be paid to sequence and juxtaposition, for success very often depends entirely upon the dramatic situation. A notable instance in point was in connection with the introduction of the song "Oh, Promise Me!" into our opera "Robin Hood" when produced in England. Mr. Hayden Coffin, who was singing the title rôle, wanted a song. I showed him "Oh, Promise Me!" which he liked very much, and we agreed to introduce it into the opera. It was first placed in the third act, and when sung in that position did not receive a single hand. After a lengthy discussion of the matter, Mr. Coffin and I became convinced that the trouble was in the situation and not in the song, which afterward proved to be the case, for when the song was transferred to the second act it never missed a double encore.

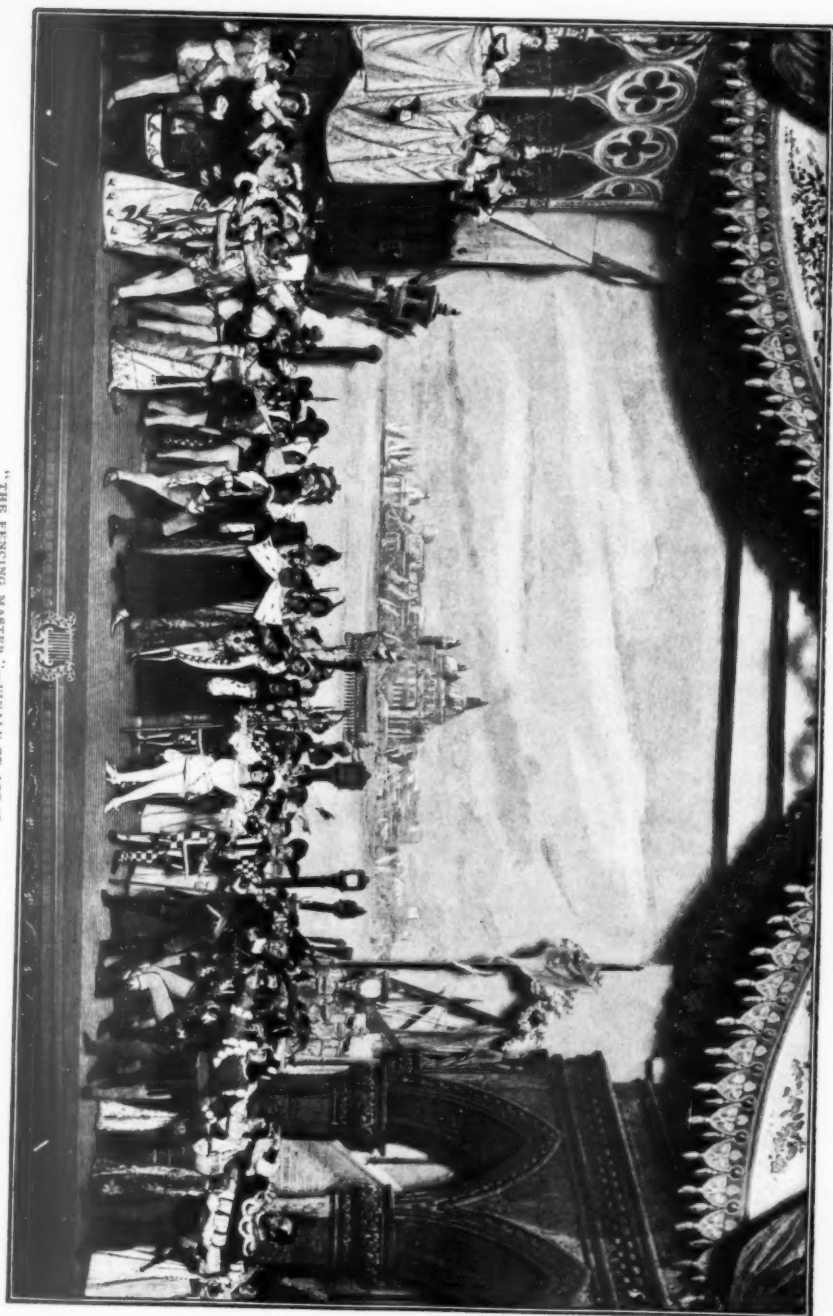
In the general arrangement of the musical synopsis one is, of course, guided largely by operatic convention and tradition. There must be, for instance, an opening chorus; each act must have a musical opening; there must be a good finale for the first act and a better one for the second act, if the opera is in three acts—the form, I think, better suited to this class of work, Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan to the contrary. A work of this kind usually contains from twenty to twenty-four mu-

sical numbers, the first act being more often the longest, and the last always the shortest. The relation of the various numbers to the action has also to be carefully considered at this point, as it is bad, artistically, to allow two duets to come together, or to have many solo numbers follow each other without variation. It is, of course, best to arrange that the musical numbers occur only as they are suggested or required by the action of the story, and are not dragged in for the satisfaction of this or that artist who requires a solo, either because they think their part or their own artistic standing demands it.

Once the musical synopsis is laid out, Mr. Smith and I are accustomed to discuss the character and general style of the various songs, and we then each go to work from his own side, the situation often suggesting a melody without the words, although perhaps more often the lyric itself suggests the appropriate melody. We have found occasionally—and the fact is curious in showing how two people accustomed to working together may get to think alike, or at least in the same vein—



LIZZIE MAC NICHOL IN "ROB ROY."



"THE FENCING MASTER."—FINALE OF ACT II.

that working separately, after having first decided that a situation demanded, we will say, a hunting song, the words that he will bring me will fit the melody that I have conceived, with little or no alteration. This was the case with the Armorer's song in "Robin Hood."

While working at opera we are in consultation almost daily, and the more elaborate numbers, like the finales, are laid out together, as oftentimes the number of bars to be written in a certain place depends upon and is governed by the desired movements of the characters on the stage at that particular juncture. We very seldom begin at the beginning of a piece and work straight through to the end in sequence, for, as we know what the general trend of the whole piece will be, an idea may occur to Mr. Smith for a number in the third act, which will be written before the opening chorus has been even thought of in detail. I do not wish to be understood to vouch in any way for the correctness of these ideas or methods as a recipe for the writing of a comic opera; I merely quote them as illustrations of our usual method of work. Mr. Smith often leaves his dialogue, or at least the final and polished edition of it, to the last, so that it has happened more than once that I have finished both the composition and the scoring of the music of an opera before he has put the finishing touches to the book.

It is difficult to fix any time for the completion of a comic opera, as the ideas which it contains are often under discussion and consideration for months, and both composer and librettist are gathering

material in various forms before actually beginning work on the piece. Six months, the time spent on "The Mandarin," was the longest period we have ever given to the actual work of an opera, and the ninety days in which "Robin Hood" was written the shortest. "Robin Roy," if I remember right, required, from the day we began work, five months, and that was a very heavy piece. Of course this means constant, assiduous, laborious work. When actually engaged in composition I not infrequently spend fourteen,

sixteen and even eighteen hours a day at my desk. I have always felt that the greatest pleasure that one derives from it all is in the doing of the work itself—the satisfaction that one has in seeing one's ideas grow and take shape, and in feeling that they have been carried out to the best of one's knowledge and ability. Then after awhile, and sometimes so soon that one hardly knows how the work has been accomplished, this labor of writing and composition comes to an end; the last note is put to the score, the last revision is made in the dialogue, and the piece is completed and ready to be put in rehearsal. One



THE TINKER'S SONG IN "ROBIN HOOD"

might think that the labors of the composer and librettist were now practically at an end. On the contrary, they have only just begun, for the trouble of writing a piece, is, in a way, nothing as compared to the difficulty of getting one's ideas properly realized on the stage. Of course, if one has no contract for a production of the now finished work, there is begun that most distressing process of bringing the piece to the notice of managers or others willing to produce it. If

one has still one's operatic spurs to win, the difficulties are so much the greater.

My first opera, "The Begum," had been finished for several years before a manager could be persuaded that it was worthy of a public presentation. During those years I played and sang the piece through so often to various and sundry managers that I knew it backward. One experience in particular I bring to mind with not a little disgust. An arrangement had been made for some people to hear the piece; and after playing it through on the piano with such vigor that I broke half my nails and made the keyboard red with my bleeding fingers, it was discovered that the gentlemen who had listened in apathy, not to say stolid indifference, were the advance agent and the bill poster of the company we wished to interest. It is only through many tribulations of this kind that one finally enters upon the honors of the duly graduated author who has to his credit an opera actually produced.

But we will not follow the author and composer of a comic opera through the trials through which they must pass to get it before the public, but proceed at once to the time when the piece has been duly completed and delivered according to contract. Usually before its completion, and by the time the piece has taken such shape that the authors have some idea of its requirements in the way of singers, scenery, and so on, there have been endless consultations with the manager as to the merits of this or that scenic artist who is to do the scenery; of this or that designer who shall make the plates for the costumes, and of this or that costumer who shall carry them out; and when, as has happened within my experience, the manager has not been quite sure as to where the money was coming from to pay for all this, the resulting situations have been exceedingly complicated. Ordinarily, however, the manager does not undertake a production of this description without certainty as to the wherewithal.

These and similar questions are threshed out, often at great length, until a mutually satisfactory understanding is reached concerning them. Then comes the question of cast, an all-important one. It must be conceded that a part makes an actor very much oftener than an actor

makes a part; and in the matter of cast the requirements of composer and librettist are at times somewhat at variance. A satisfactory compromise must be reached, even though it involve sacrifices on both sides. The manager, too, must be taken into consideration. An ideal cast from every standpoint for an opera would generally end in making the salary list so large that the manager would be unable to make any money, no matter how successful the piece. If the manager fails to make money he will not be apt to continue the production, and the composer and librettist will be out their royalties. Oftentimes, too, an actor or singer is suggested for a part who would be able to fulfil its dramatic requirements and not its musical ones, or vice versa; so that final selection is always a series of compromises, in determining which side of the rôle, the dramatic or musical, is the more important, and in what way the best rendition of the part, as regards the piece as a whole, may be attained.

Besides the selection of a cast, the choice of stage manager and of musical director are questions of vital importance, for upon these men depend largely the proper realization of the ideas of both author and composer. It is also essential that both these gentlemen should be men with whom it would be possible to work in harmony, and several of the better known ones are, to say the least, somewhat difficult in association. The situation, too, is further complicated at times by these same gentlemen, each claiming to be supreme in his own department. The result is loggerheads of an exaggerated type—eternal and endless disputes. I remember with grief the rehearsals of one opera where the stage director would not speak to the musical director at all, and all communication between them had to be carried on by means of a third party, which made matters not a little complicated, especially as it so chanced that I usually was put in the position of buffer between the contending parties and had to listen to the complaints and assuage the grievances of both, in order that the rehearsals might proceed. One day one would retire in high dudgeon and have to be coaxed back with honeyed words; and the next the same thing would happen to the other one, so that looking back it seems to me a mar-

vel how the opera was ever produced at all. One reason why actors are generally unsuccessful as managers is that they look at a play from a purely personal standpoint. If there is a good part in it for them it is a good play; if not, it is a bad one. And this same obliquity of vision prevails through all branches of the profession, and creates many of the troubles, and is responsible for not a few of the woes and vexations which author and composer have to undergo during rehearsals. As a rule every member of the cast is dissatisfied with his or her part, and is full of suggestions as to how it may be bettered and improved. Every woman is sure to want some song that has not fallen to her lot, and is more than apt to think that what she has got will not suit her and will not be effective—and the men are much the same. So the composer must be rich in tact and voluble in promises if he ever hopes to get through the ordeal of rehearsals without making life-long enemies of everybody concerned.

I remember once that after receiving his part a well-known comedian came to me with tears in his eyes, and said that his reputation would be ruined if he ever appeared in such a miserable part. I told him that in my judgment the part was not only effective but original, and that if he played it he would find that I was right. He did so, and made one of the greatest successes of his career in the rôle. This is but one instance out of dozens which I could cite as illustrations of how the author and composer have to be veritable past-masters in the art of diplomacy in order to make progress, while at the same time preserving peace and harmony and keeping up the necessary interest throughout the operatic camp.

Rehearsals for the production of a comic opera usually cover a period varying from four to seven or eight weeks, although the exigencies of an unexpected situation may require very much greater haste. "Robin Hood," for instance, was put on the stage with only ten days' rehearsal, but to stage a piece in so short a time as this means labor of the most arduous kind for all concerned, it being necessary in such a case not only to rehearse all day long, but, when the company is playing in the evening, often after the performance, into the wee small

hours. The chorus is usually called by the musical director for a couple of weeks before the stage manager takes hold, in order that it may have some knowledge of the music before beginning the stage business. During the first few weeks the music and the dialogue and stage business are rehearsed separately, in bits, an act at a time; the whole not being put together until all, both principals and chorus, are practically familiar with words, music and business. As it is often difficult to secure a theatre for rehearsals, they are frequently held in some large room or hall, the positions of the scenery and stage settings being marked out roughly on the floor with chalk, or shown by chairs and other articles of furniture. Of course, such surroundings result in manifest disadvantages. Rehearsals proceed much more quickly and satisfactorily on a regular stage when such is procurable.

During the last week the piece is rehearsed as a whole from beginning to end, and timed with reference to possible and necessary cuts and changes in music and dialogue. A few days before the production the orchestra is called, and the company is put through what is known as a "reading rehearsal" with the orchestra, so that they may be familiar with the music as it sounds on the band, often very different to what it does on the piano, the only instrument known to ordinary rehearsals. After this comes a couple of rehearsals with the properties, and then the final or dress rehearsal, which is given with all dresses, properties and lights, etc., as at a regular performance. Although there is usually but one full dress rehearsal, it sometimes happens that it is possible to give two or three, and this, of course, aids greatly in making the initial performance before an audience smooth and finished.

When not more than one full dress rehearsal is possible, there is oftentimes a rehearsal where the chorus and principals try on their dresses, in whole or in part, with a view to providing for any necessary changes and alterations. I remember a very funny instance at one of these trying-on rehearsals in my own experience. One of the principal members of the cast came on the stage with a face exhibiting the wildest fury. He held his

THE GENESIS OF A COMIC OPERA.

costume in one hand for a moment, then threw it down at the feet of the stage manager, declaring that he would never appear in an opera in such a costume as that. He refused to appear, and was preparing to walk off the stage in continued dudgeon, when the stage manager had a moment of inspiration. Picking up the costume, he offered it respectfully on his knees to the actor in question. The latter saw the ludicrous side of the situation and relented, after having been promised that the obnoxious costume should be so changed as to meet his requirements.

The dress rehearsal proper is usually a most trying and solemn ordeal. The theater is kept hermetically sealed—reserved exclusively for the author, composer, manager, and stage-manager, who sit in front in solemn silence, with critical eyes bent on everything on the stage. Sometimes a few friends or relatives of the actors and those otherwise interested are admitted, but the function is generally private and exclusive. Nobody who has never assisted at one can quite realize what an ordeal this rehearsal is—particularly for the actors, who, without an audience, have no way of finding out how things are going. Any comedian will tell you that it is the most miserable moment of his existence, when he attempts to be funny at a dress rehearsal.

As a rule, when the piece has been rehearsed with anything like care and intelligence, few important alterations are made at a dress rehearsal; such changes as are made being principally in the groupings and in that kind of minor detail. But I have occasionally seen important numbers cut out, and once or twice new numbers have been put in between the dress rehearsal and the "first night." This, however, is rather a risky business, as actors are nervous enough on a first night under the best of circumstances, no matter how great their experience. If worried by radical changes in the business to which they have been accustomed, or by new material with which they are not thoroughly familiar, the results may be attended with disaster. Changes at a dress rehearsal are, therefore, usually rather in the nature of cuts than additions to the piece. One of the best known and perhaps the most univer-

sally respected of the many superstitious current among stage folk is that a good dress rehearsal of a piece, means a bad first night, and vice versa; so that if the dress rehearsal does not go quite smoothly and the stage manager stops the performance, or has bits of it gone over again, or if the musical director is dissatisfied, all the superstitious ones are rather pleased than otherwise.

One matter which is always carefully attended to at a dress rehearsal is the arranging for possible encores. It may seem rather over-sanguine and to partake somewhat of temerity to arrange beforehand what is going to please an audience on the first night. Experience, however, enables one to judge pretty correctly where the applause will come in, at any rate so far as the musical numbers are concerned; and I have seen a company almost entirely "broken up" on a first night by an encore being demanded at a place where it had not been expected. In such an event, naturally, nobody knows where to begin, and a stage-wait of the most painful description is the result. It is natural that, if the rehearsals have been hasty, the final or dress rehearsal is oftentimes a very painful and lengthy affair. The dress rehearsal of "Robin Hood," for instance, lasted from seven o'clock in the evening till about half-past four in the morning, and that of the "Algerian," which had been preceded by an orchestra rehearsal lasting eleven hours on end, was equally long.

To the composer the rehearsals of a comic opera are fraught with the greatest interest. For the first time he sees the ideas with which he has been long familiar on paper gradually take shape.



LAURA SCHIRMER MAPLESON AS THE FENCING MASTER.

Then comes that most exciting and enjoyable moment, when chorus and orchestra come together for the first time, and the music, after having been heard in bits and shreds and patches, at last comes out in full and complete form. Of course much is to be discovered both by composer and librettist in the way of finding out what not to do through carefully watching rehearsals. If they have any idea of what they want, and are anxious to secure results, it is an absolute essential that they should be continuously present at rehearsals after the first week or two.

If the first production is to take place in New York, of course the theater will be at the disposal of the company for at least a day or two previous to the first performance. The question of dress rehearsal is then not a difficult one; but if the production be made "on the road" the case is somewhat different. Again, when the intended production opens the theater for the season it is plain sailing, but when the theater is only vacated late on Saturday night by the company playing there during the previous week, and as it is not usual to call a rehearsal on the day of production, except under the stress of dire necessity, it only leaves Sunday in which the new and untried scenery is to be set up, the costumes laid out, the orchestra rehearsed, and the dress rehearsal held. The last Sunday before a production "on the road" is, therefore, an unusually busy day. I remember well the day previous to the production of "Rob Roy" in Detroit. Rehearsals began at nine o'clock in the morning and were continued, with very short intervals for refreshment, until about half-past two o'clock the following morning. It need scarcely be remarked that after such a day of worry and excitement of all kinds one's energies are at a pretty low ebb.

Finally, the dress rehearsal has been disposed of, for good or ill, and the day immediately preceding the production arrives. One's state of mind depends on whether one has hopes or not. As a matter of fact, very little can be prognosticated of the success of an opera from any number of rehearsals. One actual performance before any kind of an audience, no matter how provincial, gives a better idea as to what the success will

be than a whole week of the most perfect dress rehearsals.

At last the fateful evening comes, and with it a really trying ordeal for everybody concerned, but perhaps most so for the author and composer, who, having done everything possible, must wait in helpless inaction for the result. And when one considers how much depends on that result, it is easy to understand their mental disquietude. If the result be favorable it means that a property worth perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars, not to speak of increased artistic reputation, has been created; if the reverse, then the amount of time, money and hard labor which has gone for little or nothing is quite enough to make one feel disconsolate.

I do not think any number of first nights would ever make either an author or composer callous to the situation and its attendant anxieties. In fact, each successive first night seems a more nervous occasion than the last one, and I have often made up my mind never to assist at another, in the end to be drawn there as potently and irresistibly as if by a magnet. I have never forgotten one incident of the first performance of "Robin Hood." The rehearsals, as I have said, were from necessity very hurried. The company, by no means certain in their lines, thought that the presence of a prompter would aid the performance in no small degree. Mr. Smith undertook to perform this duty. The prompter's box at the Chicago Opera House, where the production was given, consisted of the regulation hood from the outside covering a hole in the stage, where Mr. Smith stood supported by a small projection of the brick wall below. Not feeling very sanguine about the result, I took up my position under the stage at a point where I could just see Mr. Smith's legs from the knee down, and consuming my impatience in endless cigarettes, I watched the result of the performance through the indications afforded by Mr. Smith's legs, the gestures and positions which they assumed giving me an idea of how matters were progressing above, though, of course, I could see nothing and hear but little more. The performance on that occasion lasted until one o'clock in the morning, and we all went home thinking we had scored a failure, which

shows how much, or rather how little, a first night may mean when a piece is properly taken care of subsequently and is in the hands of the right people.

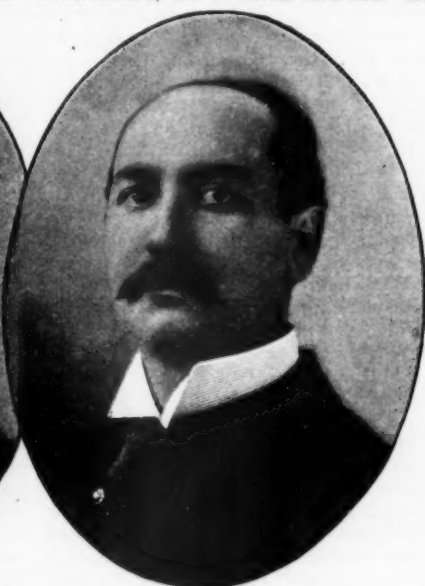
Another first night of which my recollections are anything but pleasant was that of "The Algerian" in Philadelphia. For one of those reasons which nobody can explain, rehearsals seemed to have gone wrong; at the last moment various reasons compelled the discharge of the musical director—this only a day or two before the production—so that I was forced into the conductor's chair for the dress rehearsal and for the first perform-

Another first night which was looked forward to with an extreme dread by at least one of the performers, a dread which also extended itself over all subsequent performances, was that of "Don Quixote" in Boston, in which opera Mr. Barnabee, who played the rôle of Don Quixote, was obliged to appear in a suit of rusty tin armor mounted on what was supposed to be a dilapidated horse. On this first night in question the horse had not reached that stage of dilapidation which is usually accredited to the famous Rosinante. It is true he was a car-horse, but he was, nevertheless, full of metal and fire. At



REGINALD DE KOVEN.

ance, a situation decidedly undesirable unless the composer is a trained conductor. The stage manager too, for other reasons, was discharged at the dress rehearsal, so that the first production took place without either a stage manager or a musical conductor. The result can better be imagined than described. The first night was gotten through somehow, and the whole of the following week was spent in rehearsals which ought to have taken place before the performance. Things will, however, sometimes go wrong, apparently without any possibility of attaching blame to anybody in particular.



HARRY B. SMITH.

one moment Mr. Barnabee was saved from the serious results of tumbling incontinently off the horse by the timely interposition of a couple of stage-hands, who ran onto the stage, quite unmindful of their lack of costume, and rescued the unfortunate knight, hampered in his suit of rusty armor, from a rather precarious position beneath the horse's hoofs. I think that this particular opera might have had a much longer run than it did had it not been for the difficulty we experienced in finding in each town horses in a sufficient state of dilapidation to be satisfactory to Mr. Barnabee's nerves.

One could multiply instances of the quaint happenings and curious mischances of first nights and rehearsals, or at other periods of preparation, of a comic opera; of the almost interminable struggles between the stage manager, the musical director, the company, the author and the composer, which were finally allayed by tact or by abandoning the situation, without materially adding to the history of the beginning of a comic opera, which I have attempted to detail.

Having noted the method, the labor in the composition of the piece itself, the subsequent necessary rehearsals, and the difficulties and annoyances of the dress rehearsal, we have brought the opera to a place where the curtain has risen on the first night; the genesis of the piece is now complete, and its future remains in the hands of the audience and the critics.

In conclusion, I would like to say a few words about comic opera itself as a form of entertainment and of its possible future. We have all not long since, in New York, been vastly interested and instructed by the lectures of the eminent French critic and literateur, M. Brunetiere. M. Brunetiere, while a cultivated and learned critic, is somewhat pedantic and dogmatic, and is, moreover, typically French in the position that he takes in wilfully ignoring any art that is not French art and that is not exploited inside of Paris. On the subject of comic opera he remarks: "The time will soon come when this craze for comic opera will die out; in fact, comic opera is already doomed. In the past few years there has not been one single comic opera produced that may be called a literal success. The reason is obvious; in the first place, the musical element is lacking; there is nothing to take the place of the tuneful, bright little ditties that marked the success of the old productions. The supply seems to be exhausted and cannot be refreshed without resorting to plagiarism; good librettists are scarce, and even good music without a good libretto cannot make a good opera of lasting merit."

While true to a certain extent, these remarks are somewhat sweeping, and are

more particularly applicable to opera in France, the only artistic field of which, apparently, M. Brunetiere cares to know. I do not suppose that he has ever even heard a comic opera by Strauss, Suppé, or any of the modern German composers; and as none of Sir Arthur Sullivan's operas have ever been done in Paris, it is also doubtful whether he has ever heard any of them. I am inclined to differ with his statement that comic opera is dead, and that the craze for it is likely to die out. In this country, at any rate, comic opera seems to be an exceedingly lively corpse as far as productiveness is concerned, nor can I see any evidences of wane in the popular interest in and liking for this class of entertainment, which, when at its best, is bright enough to amuse and artistic enough, at least, not to degrade popular taste. It is true that of late few good comic operas have been written abroad, but there seems such an ample supply in this country that it is likely the deficiency over there may ere long be supplied by the abundance here. In view of the number of genuine successes which have been scored by at least half a dozen comic operas within the last few years in this country, it would seem that M. Brunetiere's remarks on the subject were, to say the least, invidious, besides being wrong as far as America is concerned. The proof of the pudding is, after all, in the eating; for, whereas, half a dozen years ago the comic opera stage in America was occupied exclusively with productions by foreign authors, it is interesting to note that there has not been a comic opera, properly so-called, by a foreign composer produced with success in America for several years past. This certainly tends to show that, after all, good may come out of Nazareth in time, however much the fact may be doubted by dogmatic critics and wiseacres, and that we are going to be able to supply the demand not only in this country, but possibly in others, for a class of work which seems still to retain a strong and legitimate hold on the affection and interest of the seekers after a legitimate and refined form of dramatic entertainment.





Drawn by B. West Cinnédinst.

A MATTER OF INTEREST.

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

"He that knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool. Shun him.
 He that knows not, and knows that he knows not, is simple. Teach him.
 He that knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep. Wake him.
 He that knows, and knows that he knows, is wise. Follow him."

—Arabian Proverb.

MUCH as I dislike it, I am obliged to include this story in a volume devoted to fiction. I have attempted to tell it as an absolutely true story, but, until three months ago, when the indisputable proofs were placed before the British Association by Professor James Holroyd, I was regarded as an impostor. Now, that the Smithsonian Institute, in Washington, the Philadelphia Zoological Society, and the Natural History Museum, of New York city, are convinced that the story is truthful and accurate in every particular, I prefer to tell it my own way. Professor Holroyd urges me to do this, although Professor Bruce Stoddard, of Columbia College, is now at work upon a pamphlet, to be published the latter part of next month, describing scientifically the ex-

traordinary discovery which, to the shame of the United States, was first accepted and recognized in England.

Now, having no technical ability concerning the affair in question, and having no knowledge of either comparative anatomy or zoölogy, I am perhaps unfitted to tell this story. But the story is true; the episode occurred under my own eyes—here, within a few hours' sail of the Battery. And, as I was one of the first persons to verify what has long been a theory among scientists, and, moreover, as the result of Professor Holroyd's discovery is to be placed on exhibition in Madison Square Garden on the twentieth of next month, I have decided to tell as simply as I am able to exactly what occurred.

I first wrote out the story on April 1st,

1896. The "North American Review," the "Popular Science Monthly," the "Scientific American," "Nature," "Forest and Stream" and the "Fossiliferous Magazine" in turn rejected it; some curtly informing me that fiction had no place in their columns. When I attempted to explain it was not fiction, the editors of these periodicals either maintained a contemptuous silence or bluntly notified me that my literary services and opinions were not desired. But, finally, when several publishers offered to take the story as fiction, I cut short all negotiations and decided to publish it myself. Where I am known at all, it is my misfortune to be known as a writer of fiction. This makes it impossible for me to receive a hearing from a scientific audience. I regret it bitterly, because now, when it is too late, I am prepared to prove certain scientific matters of interest, and to produce the proofs. In this case, however, I am fortunate, for nobody can dispute the existence of a thing, when the bodily proof is exhibited as evidence.

This is the story; and if I write it as I write fiction, it is because I do not know how to write it otherwise.

I was walking along the beach below Pine Inlet, on the south shore of Long Island. The railroad and telegraph station is at West Oyster Bay. Everybody who has traveled on the Long Island railroad knows the station, but few, perhaps, know Pine Inlet. Duck shooters, of course, are familiar with it, but as there are no hotels there and nothing to see except salt meadow, salt creek, and a strip of dune and sand, the summer-squatting public may probably be unaware of its existence. The local name for the place is Pine Inlet; the maps give its name as Sand Point, I believe, but anybody at West Oyster Bay can direct you to it. Captain McPeck, who keeps the West Oyster Bay House, drives duck shooters there in winter. It lies five miles south-east from West Oyster Bay.

I had walked over that afternoon from Captain McPeck's. There was a reason for my going to Pine Inlet—it embarrasses me to explain it, but the truth is I meditated writing an ode to the ocean. It was out of the question to write it in West Oyster Bay with the whistle of locomotives in my ears. I knew that Pine Inlet was one

of the loneliest places on the Atlantic coast; it is out of sight of everything except leagues of gray ocean. Rarely one might make out fishing smacks drifting across the horizon. Summer squatters never visited it; sportsmen shunned it, except in winter. Therefore, as I was about to do a bit of poetry, I thought that Pine Inlet was the spot for the deed. So I went there.

As I was strolling along the beach, biting my pencil reflectively, tremendously impressed by the solitude and the solemn thunder of the surf, a thought occurred to me—how unpleasant it would be if I suddenly stumbled on a summer boarder. As this joyless impossibility flitted across my mind, I rounded a bleak sand dune.

A summer girl stood directly in my path.

If I jumped, I think the young lady has pardoned me by this time. She ought to, because she also started and said something in a very faint voice. What she said was, "Oh!"

She stared at me as though I had just crawled up out of the sea to bite her. I don't know what my own expression resembled, but I have been given to understand it was idiotic.

Now I perceived, after a few moments, that the young lady was frightened, and I knew I ought to say something civil. So I said, "Are there any mosquitoes here?"

"No," she replied, with a slight quiver in her voice; "I have only seen one, and it was biting somebody else."

I looked foolish; the conversation seemed so futile, and the young lady appeared to be more nervous than before. I had an impulse to say: "Do not run; I have breakfasted," for she seemed to be meditating a plunge into the breakers. What I did say was: "I did not know anybody was here; I do not intend to intrude; I come from Captain McPeck's, and I am writing an ode to the ocean." After I had said this it seemed to ring in my ears like: "I come from Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James."

I glanced timidly at her.

"She's thinking of the same thing," said I to myself. "What an ass I must appear!"

However, the young lady seemed to be

a trifle reassured. I noticed she drew a sigh of relief and looked at my shoes. She looked so long that it made me suspicious, and I also examined my shoes. They seemed to be fairly respectable.

"I—I am sorry," she said, "but would you mind not walking on the beach?"

This was sudden. I had intended to retire and leave the beach to her, but I did not fancy being driven away so abruptly.

"I was about to withdraw, madam," said I, bowing stiffly; "I beg you will pardon any inconvenience——"

"Dear me!" she cried, "you don't understand. I do not—I would not think for a moment of asking you to leave Pine Inlet. I merely ventured to request that you walk on the dunes. I am so afraid that your footprints may obliterate the impressions that my father is studying."

"Oh!" said I, looking about me as though I had been caught in the middle of a flower-bed; "really I did not notice any impressions. Impressions of what—if I may be permitted?"

"I don't know," she said, smiling a little at my awkward pose. "If you step this way in a straight line you can do no damage."

I did as she bade me. I suppose my movements resembled the gait of a wet peacock. Possibly they recalled the delicate maneuvers of the kangaroo. Anyway, she laughed.

This seriously annoyed me. I had been at a disadvantage; I walk well enough when let alone.

"You can scarcely expect," said I, "that a man absorbed in his own ideas could notice impressions on the sand. I trust I have obliterated nothing."

As I said this, I looked back at the long line of footprints stretching away in perspective across the sand: They were my own. How large they looked!



Drawn by
B. West Clineinst.

THE PROFESSOR.

Was that what she was laughing at?

"I wish to explain, she said gravely, looking at the point of her parasol; "I am very sorry to be obliged to warn you—to ask you to forego the pleasure of strolling on a beach that does not belong to me. Perhaps," she continued, in sudden alarm, "perhaps this beach belongs to you?"

"The beach? Oh, no," I said.

"But—but you were going to write poems about it?"

"Only one—and that does not necessitate owning the beach. I have observed," said I frankly, "that the people who own nothing write many poems about it."

She looked at me seriously.

"I write many poems," I added.

She laughed doubtfully.

"Would you rather I went away?" I asked politely.

"I? Why, no—I mean that you may do as you please—except please do not walk on the beach."

"Then I do not alarm you by my presence?" I inquired. My clothes were a bit ancient. I wore them shooting, sometimes. "My family is respectable," I added. And I told her my name.

"Oh! Then you wrote 'Culled Cowslips' and 'Faded Fig-Leaves,' and you imitate Maeterlinck, and you—oh, I know lots of people that you know;" she cried with every symptom of relief; "and you know my brother."

"I am the author," said I coldly, "of 'Culled Cowslips,' but 'Faded Fig-Leaves' was an earlier work, which I no longer recognize, and I should be grateful to you if you would be kind enough to deny that I ever imitated Maeterlinck. Possibly," I added "he imitates me."

"Now, do you know," she said, "I was afraid of you at first? Papa is digging in the salt meadows nearly a mile away."

It was hard to bear.

"Can you not see," said I, "that I am wearing a shooting coat?"

"I do see—now—but it is so—so old," she pleaded.

"It is a shooting coat all the same," I said bitterly.

She was very quiet, and I saw she was sorry.

"Never mind," I said, magnanimously, "you probably are not familiar with sporting goods. If I knew your name I should ask permission to present myself."

"Why I am Daisy Holroyd," she said.

"What! Jack Holroyd's little sister—"

"Little!" she cried.

"I didn't mean that," said I; "you know that your brother and I were great friends in Paris—"

"I know," she said significantly.

"Ahem! Of course," I said, "Jack and I were inseparable—"

"Except when shut in separate cells," said Miss Holroyd, coldly.

This unfeeling allusion to the unfortunate termination of a Latin-Quarter celebration hurt me.

"The police," said I, "were too officious."

"So Jack says," replied Miss Holroyd, demurely.

We had unconsciously moved on along the sand hills, side by side, as we spoke.

"To think," I repeated, "that I should meet Jack's little—"

"Please," she said, "you are only three years my senior."

She opened the sunshade and tipped it over one shoulder. It was white, and had spots and posies on it.

"Jack sends us every new book you write," she observed. "I do not approve of some things you write."

"Modern school," I mumbled.

"That is no excuse," she said, severely;

"Anthony Trollop didn't do it."

The foam spume from the breakers was drifting across the dunes, and the little tip-up snipe ran along the beach and teetered and whistled and spread their white-barred wings for a low, straight flight across the shingle, only to tip and skeep, and sail on again. The salt sea wind whistled and curled through the crested waves, blowing in perfumed puffs across thickets of sweet-bay and cedar. As we passed through the crackling juicy-stemmed marsh weed, myriads of fiddler-crabs raised their foreclaws in warning and backed away, rustling, through the reeds, aggressive, protesting.

"Like millions of pigmy Ajaxes defying the lightning," I said.

Miss Holroyd laughed.

"Now I never imagined that authors were clever except in print," she said.

She was a most extraordinary girl.

"I suppose," she observed, after a moment's silence; "I suppose I am taking you to my father."

"Delighted," I mumbled. "H'm! I had the honor of meeting Professor Holroyd in Paris."

"Yes; he bailed you and Jack out," said Miss Holroyd, serenely.

The silence was too painful to last.

"Captain McPeck is an interesting

man," I said. I spoke more loudly than I intended; I may have been nervous.

"Yes," said Daisy Holroyd, "but he has a most singular hotel clerk."

"You mean Mr. Frisby?"

"I do."

"Yes," I admitted, "Mr. Frisby is queer. He was once a bill-poster."

"I know it!" exclaimed Daisy Holroyd, with some heat. "He ruins landscapes whenever he has an opportunity. Do you know that he has a passion for bill-posting? He has; he posts bills for the pure pleasure of it, just as you play golf, or tennis, or billiards."

"But he's a hotel clerk now," I said; "nobody employs him to post bills."

"I know it! He does it all by himself for the pure pleasure of it. Papa has engaged him to come down here for two weeks, and I dread it," said the girl.

What Professor Holroyd might want of Frisby I had not the faintest notion. I suppose Miss Holroyd noticed the bewilderment in my face, for she laughed and nodded her head twice.

"Not only Mr. Frisby, but Captain McPeck also," she said.

"You don't mean to say that Captain McPeck is going to close his hotel!" I exclaimed.

My trunk was there. It contained guarantees of my respectability.

"Oh, no; his wife will keep it open," replied the girl. "Look! you can see papa now. He's digging."

"Where?" I blurted out.

I remembered Professor Holroyd as a prim, spectacled gentleman, with close-cut, snowy beard and a clerical allure. The man I saw digging wore green goggles, a jersey, a battered sou'wester and hip-boots of rubber. He was delving in the muck of the salt meadow, his face streaming with perspiration, his boots and jersey splashed with unpleasant-looking mud. He glanced up as we approached, shading his eyes with a sun-burnt hand.

"Papa, dear," said Miss Holroyd, "here is Jack's friend whom you bailed out of Mazas."

The introduction was startling. I turned crimson with mortification. The professor was very decent about it; he called me by name at once.

When he said this he looked at his spade. It was clear that he considered me a nuisance and wished to go on with his digging.

"I suppose," he said, "you are still writing?"

"A little," I replied, trying not to speak sarcastically. My output had rivaled that of "The Duchess"—in quantity, I mean.

"I seldom read—fiction," he said, looking restlessly at the hole in the ground.

Miss Holroyd came to my rescue.

"That was a charming story you wrote last," she said; "papa you should read it—you should, papa; it's all about a fossil."

We both looked narrowly at Miss Holroyd. Her smile was guileless.

"Fossils!" repeated the professor. "Do you care for fossils?"

"Very much," said I.

Now, I am not perfectly sure what my object was in lying. I looked at Daisy Holroyd's dark fringed eyes. They were very grave.

"Fossils," said I, "are my hobby."

I think Miss Holroyd winced a little at this. I did not care. I went on:

"I have seldom had the opportunity to study the subject, but, as a boy, I collected flint arrow-heads—"

"Flint arrow-heads!" said the professor coldly.

"Yes; they were the nearest things to fossils obtainable," I replied, marveling at my own mendacity.

The professor looked into the hole. I also looked. I could see nothing in it. "He's digging for fossils," thought I to myself.

"Perhaps," said the professor, cautiously, "you might wish to aid me in a little research—that is to say, if you have an inclination for fossils." The double-entendre was not lost upon me.

"I have read all your books so eagerly," said I, "that to join you—to be of service to you in any research, however difficult and trying, would be an honor and a privilege that I never dared to hope for."

"That," thought I to myself, "will do its own work. Ananias, take a rear seat!"

But the professor was still suspicious. How could he help it, when he remembered Jack's escapades, in which my name was always blended. Doubtless he was satis-

fied that my influence on Jack was evil. The contrary was the case, too.

"Fossils," he said, worrying the edges of the excavation with his spade, "fossils are not things to be lightly considered."

"No, indeed!" I protested.

"Fossils are the most interesting as well as puzzling things in the world," said he.

"They are!" I cried enthusiastically.

"But I am not looking for fossils," observed the professor mildly.

This was a facer. I looked at Daisy Holroyd. She bit her lip and fixed her eyes on the sea. Her eyes were wonderful eyes.

"Did you think I was digging for fossils in a salt meadow?" queried the professor; "you can have read very little about the subject. I am digging for something quite different."

I was silent. I knew that my face was a trifle flushed. I longed to say: "Well, what the devil are you digging for?" but I only stared into the hole as though hypnotized.

"Captain McPeck and Frisby ought to be here," he said, looking first at Daisy and then across the meadows.

I ached to ask him why he had subpoenaed Captain McPeck and Frisby.

"They are coming," said Daisy, shading her eyes; "do you see the speck on the meadows?"

"It may be a mud hen," said the professor.

"Miss Holroyd is right," I said. "A wagon and team and two men are coming from the north. There is a dog beside the wagon—it's that miserable yellow dog of Frisby's."

"Good gracious?" cried the professor, "you don't mean to tell me that you see all that at such a distance?"

"Why not?" I said.

"I see nothing," he insisted.

"You will see that I'm right, presently," I laughed.

The professor removed his blue goggles and rubbed them, glancing obliquely at me.

"Haven't you heard what extraordinary eyesight duck shooters have?" said his daughter, looking back at her father. "Jack says that they can tell exactly what kind of a duck is flying before most people could see anything at all in the sky."

"It's true," I said; "it comes to anybody, I fancy, who has had practice."

The professor regarded me with a new interest. There was inspiration in his eyes; he turned toward the ocean. For a long time he stared at the tossing waves on the beach, then he looked far out to where the horizon met the sea.

"Are there any ducks out there?" he asked at last.

"Yes," said I, scanning the sea; "there are."

He produced a pair of binoculars from his coat-tail pocket, adjusted them and raised them to his eyes.

"H'm! What sort of ducks?"

I looked more carefully, holding both hands over my forehead.

"Surf ducks—scoters and widgeon. There is one buffle-head among them—no, two; the rest are coots," I replied.

"This," cried the professor, "is most astonishing. I have good eyes but I can't see a blessed thing without these binoculars!"

"It's not extraordinary," said I, "the surf ducks and coots any novice might recognize; the widgeon and buffle-heads I should not have been able to name unless they had risen from the water. It is easy to tell any duck when it is flying, even though it looks no bigger than a black pin-point."

But the professor insisted that it was marvelous, and he said that I might render him invaluable service if I would consent to come and camp at Pine Inlet for a few weeks.

I looked at his daughter, but she turned her back—not exactly in disdain either. Her back was beautifully molded. Her gown fitted also.

"Camp out here?" I repeated, pretending to be unpleasantly surprised.

"I do not think he would care to," said Miss Holroyd without turning.

I had not expected that.

"Above all things," said I, in a clear, pleasant voice, "I like to camp out."

She said nothing.

"It is not exactly camping," said the professor; "come you shall see our conservatory. Daisy, come dear! you must put on a heavier frock, it is getting toward sundown."

At that moment, over a near dune, two horses' heads appeared, followed by two



Drawn by B. West Cincinnati.

"MISS HOLROYD GAZED STRAIGHTLY AT THE BOARD."

human heads, then a wagon, then a yellow dog.

I turned triumphantly to the professor: "You are the very man I want," he muttered; "the very man—the very man."

I looked at Daisy Holroyd. She returned my glance with a defiant little smile.

"Waal," said Captain McPeck, driving up, "here we be! Git out, Frisby."

Frisby, fat, nervous, and sentimental, hopped out of the cart.

"Come," said the professor, impatiently moving across the dunes. I walked with Daisy Holroyd. McPeck and Frisby followed. The yellow dog walked by himself.

II.

The sun was dipping into the sea as we trudged across the meadows toward a high dome-shaped dune, covered with cedars and thickets of sweet-bay. I saw no sign of habitation among the sand hills. Far as the eye could reach nothing broke the gray line of sea and sky, save the squat dunes crowned with stunted cedars.

Then, as we rounded the base of the dune, we almost walked into the door of a house. My amazement amused Miss Holroyd, and I noticed also a touch of malice in her pretty eyes. But she said nothing, following her father into the house, with the slightest possible gesture to me. Was it invitation, was it menace?

The house was merely a light wooden frame, covered with some water-proof stuff that looked like a mixture of rubber and tar. Over this—in fact, over the whole roof—was pitched an awning of heavy sail-cloth. I noticed that the house was anchored to the sand by chains, already rusted red. But this one-storied house was not the only building nestling in the south shelter of the big dune. A hundred feet away stood another structure—long, low, also built of wood. It had rows on rows of round port-holes on every side. The ports were fitted with heavy glass, hinged to swing open if necessary. A single big double door occupied the front.

Behind this long, low building was still another, a mere shed. Smoke rose from the sheet-iron chimney; there was somebody moving about inside the open door.

As I stood gazing at this mushroom

hamlet, the professor appeared at the door and asked me to enter. I stepped in at once.

The house was much larger than I had imagined. A straight hallway ran through the center from east to west. On either side of this hallway were rooms, the doors swinging wide open. I counted three doors on each side; the three on the south appeared to be bedrooms.

The professor ushered me into a room on the north side, where I found Captain McPeck and Frisby sitting at a table, upon which were drawings and sketches of articulated animals and fishes.

"You see, McPeck," said the professor, "we only wanted one more man and I think I've got him—haven't I?" turning eagerly to me.

"Why, yes," I said laughing; "this is delightful. Am I invited to stay here?"

"Your bedroom is the third on the south side; everything is ready. McPeck, you can bring his trunk to-morrow, can't you?" demanded the professor.

The red-faced captain nodded and shifted a quid.

"Then it's all settled," said the professor, and he drew a sigh of satisfaction. "You see," he said, turning to me, "I was at my wit's ends to know whom to trust. I never thought of you—Jack's out in China—and I didn't dare trust anybody in my own profession. All you care about is writing verses and stories, isn't it?"

"I like to shoot," I replied mildly.

"Just the thing!" he cried, beaming at us all in turn; "now I can see no reason why we should not progress rapidly. McPeck, you and Frisby must get those boxes up here before dark. Dinner will be ready before you have finished unloading. Dick, you will wish to go to your room first."

My name isn't Dick, but he spoke so kindly, and beamed upon me in such a fatherly manner, that I let it go. I had occasion to correct him afterward, several times, but he always forgot the next minute. He calls me Dick to this day.

It was dark when Professor Holroyd, his daughter and I sat down to dinner. The room was the same in which I had noticed the drawings of beast and bird, but the round table had been extended

into an oval, and neatly spread with dainty linen and silver.

A fresh-cheeked Swedish girl appeared from a further room, bearing the soup. The professor ladled it out, still beaming.

"Now, this is very delightful, isn't it, Daisy?" he said.

"Very," said Miss Holroyd, with the faintest tinge of irony.

"Very," I repeated, heartily. But I looked at my soup when I said it.

"I suppose," said the professor, nodding mysteriously at his daughter, "that Dick knows nothing of what we're about down here?"

"I suppose," said Miss Holroyd, "that he thinks we are digging for fossils."

I looked at my plate. She might have spared me that.

"Well, well," said her father, smiling to himself, "he shall know everything by morning. You'll be astonished, Dick, my boy."

"His name isn't Dick," corrected Daisy.

The professor said, "Isn't it?" in an absent-minded way, and relapsed into contemplation of my necktie.

I asked Miss Holroyd a few questions about Jack, and was informed that he had given up law and entered the diplomatic service—as what I did not dare ask, for I knew what our diplomatic service was.

"In China," said Daisy.

"Choo Choo is the name of the city," added her father, proudly; "it's the terminus of the new trans-Siberian railway."

"It's on the Yellow River," said Daisy.

"He's vice-consul," added the professor, triumphantly.

"He'll make a good one," I observed. I knew Jack; I pitied his consul.

So we chatted on about my old playmate until Freda, the red-cheeked maid, brought coffee, and the professor lighted a cigar, with a little bow to his daughter.

"Of course, you don't smoke," she said to me, with a glimmer of malice in her eyes.

"He mustn't," interposed the professor, hastily; "it will make his hand tremble."

"No, it doesn't," said I, laughing; "but my hand will shake if I don't smoke. Are you going to employ me as a draughtsman?"

"You'll know to-morrow," he chuckled,

with a mysterious smile at his daughter. "Daisy, give him my best cigars; put the box here on the table. We can't afford to have his hand tremble."

Miss Holroyd rose and crossed the hallway to her father's room, returning presently with a box of promising-looking cigars.

"I don't think he knows what is good for him," she said; "he should smoke only one every day."

It was hard to bear. I am not vindictive, but I decided to treasure up a few of Miss Holroyd's gentle taunts. My intimacy with her brother was certainly a disadvantage to me now. Jack had apparently been talking too much, and his sister appeared to be thoroughly acquainted with my past. It was a disadvantage. I remembered her vaguely as a girl with long braids, who used to come on Sundays with her father and take tea with us in our rooms. Then she went to Germany to school, and Jack and I employed our Sunday evenings otherwise. It is true that I regarded her weekly visits as a species of infliction, but I did not think I ever showed it.

"It is strange," said I, "that you did not recognize me at once, Miss Holroyd. Have I changed so greatly in five years?"

"You wore a pointed French beard in Paris," she said; "a very downy one. And you never stayed to tea but twice, and then you only spoke once."

"Oh," said I, blankly. "What did I say?"

"You asked me if I liked plums," said Daisy, bursting into an irresistible ripple of laughter.

I saw that I must have made the same sort of an ass of myself that most boys of eighteen do.

It was too bad; I never thought about the future in those days. Who could have imagined that little Daisy Holroyd would have grown up into this bewildering young lady? It was really too bad. Presently the professor retired to his room, carrying with him an armful of drawings and bidding us not to sit up late. When he closed his door, Miss Holroyd turned to me.

"Papa will work over those drawings until midnight," she said, with a despairing smile.

"It isn't good for him," I said. "What are the drawings?"

"You may know to-morrow," she answered, leaning forward on the table and shading her face with one hand. "Tell me about yourself and Jack in Paris."

I looked at her suspiciously.

"What! There isn't much to tell; we studied—Jack went to the law-school, and I attended—er—oh, all sorts of schools."

"Did you? Surely you gave yourself a little recreation occasionally?"

"Occasionally," I nodded.

"I am afraid you and Jack studied too hard."

"That may be," said I, looking meek.

"Especially about fossils."

I couldn't stand that.

"Miss Holroyd," I said, "I do care for fossils—you may think that I am a humbug, but I have a perfect mania for fossils—now."

"Since when?"

"About an hour ago," I said airily. Out of the corner of my eye I saw that she had flushed up. It pleased me.

"You will soon tire of the experiment," she said, with a dangerous smile.

"Oh, I may," I replied indifferently.

She drew back; the movement was scarcely perceptible, but I noticed it, and she knew I did.

The atmosphere was vaguely hostile. One feels such mental conditions and changes instantly. I picked up a chess-board, opened it, set up the pieces with elaborate care and began to move, first the white, then the red. Miss Holroyd watched me coldly at first, but after a dozen moves she became interested and leaned a shade nearer. I moved a black pawn forward.

"Why do you do that?" said Daisy.

"Because," said I, "the white queen threatens the pawn."

"It was an aggressive move," she insisted.

"Purely defensive," I said. "If her white highness will let the pawn alone, the pawn will let the queen alone."

Miss Holroyd rested her chin on her wrist and gazed steadily at the board. She was flushing furiously, but she held her ground.

"If the white queen doesn't block that pawn, the pawn may become dangerous," she said, coldly.

I laughed and closed up the board with a snap.

"True," I said, "it might even take the queen." After a moment's silence I asked: "What would you do in that case, Miss Holroyd?"

"I should resign," she said serenely; then realizing what she had said, she lost her self-possession for a second and cried: "No, indeed! I should fight to the bitter end! I mean—"

"What?" I asked, lingering over my revenge.

"I mean," she said slowly, "that your black pawn would never have the chance—never! I should take it immediately."

"I believe you would," said I, smiling; "so we'll call the game yours and—the pawn captured."

"I don't want it," she exclaimed. "A pawn is worthless."

"Except when it's in the king row."

"Chess is most interesting," she observed, sedately. She had completely recovered her self-control. Still I saw that she now had a certain respect for my defensive powers. It was very soothing to me.

"You know," said I gravely, "that I am fonder of Jack than of anybody. That's the reason we never write each other, except to borrow things. I am afraid that when I was a young cub in France I was not an attractive personality."

"On the contrary," said Daisy, smiling, "I thought you were very big and very perfect. I had illusions. I wept often when I went home and remembered that you never took the trouble to speak to me but once."

"I was a cub," I said; "not selfish and brutal—but I didn't understand school-girls—I never had any sisters—and I didn't know what to say to very young girls. If I had imagined that you felt hurt—"

"Oh, I did—five years ago. Afterward I laughed at the whole thing."

"Laughed?" I repeated, vaguely disappointed.

"Why, of course. I was very easily hurt when I was a child. I think I have outgrown it."

The soft curve of her sensitive mouth contradicted her.

"Will you forgive me now?" I asked.



Drawn by
B. West Cline.

FRISBY.

"Yes. I had forgotten the whole thing until I met you an hour or so ago."

There was something that had a ring not entirely genuine in this speech. I noticed it, but forgot it the next moment.

"Tiger cubs have stripes," said I; selfishness blossoms in the cradle and prophecy is not difficult. I hope I am not more selfish than my brothers."

"I hope not," she said, smiling.

Presently she rose, touched her hair with the tip of one finger, and walked to the door.

"Good-night," she said, curtsying very low.

"Good-night," said I, opening the door for her to pass.

III.

The sea was a sheet of silver, tinged with pink; the tremendous arch of the sky was all shimmering and glimmering with the promise of the sun. Already the mist above, flecked with clustered clouds, flushed with rose color and dull gold. I heard the low splash of the waves breaking and curling across the beach; a

wandering breeze, fresh and fragrant, blew the curtains of my window; there was the scent of sweet-bay in the room, and everywhere the subtle, nameless perfume of the sea.

When at last I stood upon the shore, the air and sea were all aglitter in a rosy light, deepening to crimson in the zenith. Along the beach I saw a little cove, shelving and all ashine, where shallow waves washed with a mellow sound. Fine as dusted gold the shingle glowed, and the thin film of water rose, receded, crept up again a little higher, and again flowed back, with the low hiss of snowy foam and gilded bubbles breaking.

I stood a little while quiet, my eyes upon the water, the invitation of the ocean in my ears, vague and sweet as the murmur of a shell. Then I looked at my bathing suit and towels.

"In we go!" said I aloud. A second later and the prophecy was fulfilled.

I swam far out to sea, and, as I swam, the waters all around me turned to gold. The sun had risen.

There is a fragrance in the sea at dawn

that none can name. White thorn abloom in May, sedges asway and scented rushes rustling in an inland wind recall the sea to me—I can't say why.

Far out at sea I raised myself, swung around, dived, and set out again for shore, striking strong strokes until the flecked foam flew. And when at last I shot through the breakers, I laughed aloud and sprang upon the beach, breathless and happy. Then from the ocean came another cry, clear, joyous, and a white arm rose in the air.

She came drifting in with the waves like a white sea-sprite, laughing at me from her tangled hair, and I plunged into the breakers again to join her.

Side by side, we swam along the coast, just outside the breakers, until, in the next cove, we saw the flutter of her maid's cap-strings.

"I will beat you to breakfast!" she cried, as I rested, watching her glide up along the beach.

"Done," said I, "for a sea-shell!"

"Done!" she called across the water.

I made good speed along the shore, and I was not long in dressing, but when I entered the dining-room she was there, demure, smiling, exquisite in her cool, white frock.

"The sea-shell is yours," said I; "I hope I can find one with a pearl in it."

The professor hurried in before she could reply. He greeted me very cordially, but there was an abstracted air about him, and he called me Dick until I recognized that remonstrance was useless. He was not long over his coffee and rolls.

"McPeck and Frisby will return with the last load, including your trunk, by early afternoon," he said, rising and picking up his bundle of drawings. "I haven't time to explain to you what we are doing, Dick, but Daisy will take you about and instruct you. She will give you the rifle standing in my room—it's a good Winchester; I have sent for an 'Express' for you, big enough to knock over any elephant in India. Daisy, take him through the sheds and tell him everything. Luncheon is at noon. Do you usually take luncheon, Dick?"

"When I'm permitted," I smiled.

"Well," said the professor, doubtfully, "you mustn't come back here for it.

Freda can take you what you want. Is your hand unsteady after eating?"

"Why, papa!" said Daisy. "Do you intend to starve him?"

We all laughed.

The professor tucked his drawings into a capacious pocket, pulled his sea-boots up to his hips, seized a spade and left, nodding to us as though he were thinking of something else.

We went to the door and watched him across the salt meadows until a distant sand dune hid him.

"Come," said Daisy Holroyd, "I am going to take you to the shop."

She put on a broad-brimmed straw hat, a distractingly pretty combination of filmy cool stuffs, and led the way to the long low structure that I had noticed the evening before.

The interior was lighted by the numberless little port-holes, and I could see everything plainly. I acknowledge I was nonplussed by what I did see.

In the center of the shed, which must have been at least a hundred feet long, stood what I thought at first was the skeleton of an enormous whale. After a moment's silent contemplation of the thing, I saw that it could not be a whale, for the frames of two gigantic bat-like wings rose from each shoulder. Also I noticed that the animal possessed legs—four of them—with most unpleasant looking webbed claws, fully eight feet long. The bony framework of the head, too, resembled something between a crocodile and a monstrous snapping turtle. The walls of the shanty were hung with drawings and blue prints. A man, dressed in white linen, was tinkering with the vertebrae of the lizard-like tail.

"Where on earth did such a reptile come from?" I asked at length.

"Oh, it's not real," said Daisy, scornfully; "it's papier-maché."

"I see," said I; "a stage prop."

"A what?" asked Daisy, in hurt astonishment.

"Why a—a sort of Siegfried dragon—a what's his name—er Pfafner, or Peffer, or—"

"If my father heard you say such things he would dislike you," said Daisy. She looked grieved and moved toward the door. I apologized—for what, I knew not—and we became reconciled. She ran into

her father's room and brought me the rifle, a very good Winchester. She also gave me a cartridge-belt, full.

"Now," she smiled, "I shall take you to your observatory, and when we arrive, you are to begin your duty at once."

"And that duty?" I ventured, shouldering the rifle.

"That duty is to watch the ocean. I shall then explain the whole affair—but you mustn't look at me while I speak, you must watch the sea."

"This," said I, "is hardship. I had rather go without the luncheon."

I do not think she was offended at my speech. Still she frowned for almost three seconds.

We passed through acres of sweet-bay and spear-grass, sometimes skirting thickets of twisted cedars, sometimes walking in the full glare of the morning sun, sinking into shifting sand where sun-scorched shells cracked under our feet, and sun-browned sea-weed glistened, bronzed and iridescent. Then, as we climbed a little hill, the sea wind freshened in our faces, and lo! the ocean lay below us, far-stretching as the eye could reach, glittering, magnificent.

Daisy sat down flat on the sand. It takes a clever girl to do that and retain the respectful deference due her from men. It takes a graceful girl to accomplish it triumphantly when a man is looking.

"You must sit beside me," she said—as though it would prove irksome to me.

"Now," she continued, "you must watch the water while I am talking."

I nodded.

"Why don't you do it, then?" she asked.

I succeeded in wrenching my head toward the ocean, although I felt sure it would swing gradually round again in spite of me.

"To begin with," said Daisy Holroyd, "there's a thing in that ocean that would astonish you if you saw it. Turn your head!"

"I am," I said meekly.

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes—er—a thing in the ocean that's going to astonish me." Visions of mermaids rose before me.

"The thing," said Daisy, "is a Ther-mosaurus!"

I nodded vaguely as though antici-

pating a delightful introduction to a nautical friend.

"You don't seem astonished," she said reproachfully.

"Why should I be?" I asked.

"Please turn your eyes toward the water. Suppose a Ther-mosaurus should look out of the waves!"

"Well," said I, "in that case the pleasure would be mutual."

She frowned and bit her upper lip.

"Do you know what a Ther-mosaurus is?" she asked.

"If I am to guess," said I, "I guess it's a jelly-fish."

"It's that big, ugly, horrible creature that I showed you in the shed!" cried Daisy impatiently.

"Eh!" I stammered.

"Not papier-maché either," she continued excitedly; "it's a real one!"

This was pleasant news. I glanced instinctively at my rifle and then at the ocean.

"Well," said I at last, "it strikes me that you and I resemble a pair of Andromedas waiting to be swallowed. This rifle won't stop a beast, a live beast, like that Niebelungen dragon of yours."

"Yes, it will," she said, "it's not an ordinary rifle."

Then, for the first time, I noticed, just below the magazine, a cylindrical attachment that was strange to me.

"Now, if you will watch the sea very carefully, and will promise not to look at me," said Daisy, "I will try to explain."

She did not wait for me to promise, but went on eagerly, a sparkle of excitement in her blue eyes:

"You know, of all the fossil remains of the great bat-like and lizard-like creatures that inhabited the earth ages and ages ago, the bones of the gigantic saurians are the most interesting. I think they used to splash about the water and fly over the land during the carboniferous period; anyway, it doesn't matter. Of course, you have seen pictures of reconstructed creatures such as the Ichtheosaurus, the Plesiosaurus, the Anthracosaurus and the Ther-mosaurus?"

I nodded, trying to keep my eyes from hers.

"And you know that the remains of the Ther-mosaurus were first discovered and reconstructed by papa?"

"Yes," said I. There was no use in saying no.

"I am glad you do. Now, papa has proved that this creature lived entirely in the Gulf Stream, emerging for occasional flights across an ocean or two. Can you imagine how he proved it!"

"No," said I, resolutely pointing my nose at the ocean.

"He proved it by a minute examination of the microscopical shells found among the ribs of the *Thermosaurus*. These shells contained little creatures that live only in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. They were the food of the *Thermosaurus*."

"It was rather slender rations for a thing like that, wasn't it? Did he ever swallow bigger food—er—men?"

"Oh, yes; tons of fossil bones from prehistoric men are also found in the interior of the *Thermosaurus*."

"Then," said I, "you, at least, had better go back to Captain McPeck's—"

"Please turn around; don't be so foolish. I didn't say there was a *live Thermosaurus* in the water, did I?"

"Isn't there?"

"Why, no!"

My relief was genuine, but I thought of the rifle and looked suspiciously out to sea.

"What's the Winchester for," I asked.

"Listen and I will explain. Papa has found out—how I do not exactly understand—that there is in the waters of the Gulf Stream the body of a *Thermosaurus*. The creature must have been alive within a year or so. The impenetrable scale armor that covers its body has, as far as papa knows, prevented its disintegration. We know that it is there still, or was there within a few months. Papa has reports and sworn depositions from steamer captains and seamen from a dozen different vessels, all corroborating each other in essential details. These stories, of course, get into the newspapers—sea-serpent stories—but papa knows that they confirm his theory that the huge body of this reptile is swinging along somewhere on the Gulf Stream."

She opened her sun-shade and held it over her. I noticed that she deigned to give me the benefit of about one-eighth of it.

"Your duty with that rifle is this: If we are fortunate enough to see the body of the *Thermosaurus* come floating by, you are to take good aim and fire—fire rapidly every bullet in the magazine; then reload and fire again and reload and fire as long as you have any cartridges left."

"A self-feeding Maxim is what I should have," I said with gentle sarcasm. "Well, and suppose I make a sieve of this big lizard?"

"Do you see these rings in the sand?" she asked.

Sure enough somebody had driven heavy piles deep into the sand all around us, and to the tops of these piles were attached steel rings, half buried under the spear-grass. We sat almost exactly in the center of a circle of these rings.

"The reason is this," said Daisy, "every bullet in your cartridges is steel-tipped and armor-piercing. To the base of each bullet is attached a thin wire of pallium. Pallium is that new metal, a thread of which, drawn out into finest wire, will hold a ton of iron suspended. Every bullet is fitted with minute coils of miles of this wire. When the bullet leaves the rifle it spins out this wire as a shot from a life-saver's mortar spins out and carries the life line to a wrecked ship. The end of each coil of wire is attached to that cylinder under the magazine of your rifle. As soon as the shell is automatically ejected this wire flies out also. A bit of scarlet tape is fixed to the end so that it will be easy to pick up. There is also a snap clasp on the end, and this clasp fits those rings that you see in the sand. Now, when you begin firing, it is my duty to run and pick up the wire ends and attach them to the rings. Then, you see, we have the body of the *Thermosaurus* full of bullets, every bullet anchored to the shore by tiny wires, each of which could easily hold three tons strain."

I looked at her in amazement.

"Then," she added calmly, "we have captured the *Thermosaurus*."

"Your father," said I at length, "must have spent years of labor over this preparation."

"It is the work of a lifetime," she said simply.

My face, I suppose, showed my misgivings.



Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

"THERE'S A THING IN THAT OCEAN THAT WOULD ASTONISH YOU IF YOU SAW IT"

"It must not fail," she added.

"But—but we are nowhere near the Gulf Stream," I ventured.

Her face brightened, and she frankly held the sun-shade over us both.

"Ah, you don't know," she said, "what else papa has discovered. Would you believe that he has found a loop in the Gulf Stream—a genuine loop—that swings in here just outside of the breakers below? It is true! Everybody on Long Island knows that there is a warm current off the coast, but nobody imagined it was merely a sort of back-water from the Gulf Stream that formed a great circular mill-race around the cone of a subterranean volcano, and rejoined the Gulf Stream off Cape Albatross. But it is! That is why papa bought a yacht three years ago and sailed about for two years so mysteriously. Oh, I did want to go with him so much!"

"This," said I, "is most astonishing." She leaned enthusiastically toward me, her lovely face aglow.

"Isn't it?" she said; "and to think that you and papa and I are the only people in the whole world who know this!"

To be included in such a trilogy was very delightful.

"Papa is writing the whole thing—I mean about the currents. He also has in preparation sixteen volumes on the *Thermosaurus*. He said this morning that he was going to ask you to write the story first for some scientific magazine. He is certain that Professor Bruce Stoddard, of Columbia, will write the pamphlets necessary. This will give papa time to attend to the sixteen-volume work, which he expects to finish in three years.

"Let us first," said I, laughing, "catch our *Thermosaurus*."

"We must not fail," she said, wistfully.

"We shall not fail!" I said; "for I promise to sit on this sand hill as long as I live—until a *Thermosaurus* appears—if that is your wish, Miss Holroyd."

Our eyes met for an instant. She did not chide me either for not looking at the ocean. Her eyes were bluer, anyway.

"I suppose," she said, bending her head and absently pouring sand between her fingers—"I suppose you think me a blue-stocking or something odious."

"Not exactly," I said. There was an emphasis in my voice that made her color. After a moment she laid the sun-shade down, still open.

"May I hold it?" I asked.

She nodded almost imperceptibly.

The ocean had turned a deep marine blue, verging on purple, that heralded a scorching afternoon. The wind died away; the odor of cedar and sweet-bay hung heavy in the air.

In the sand at our feet, an iridescent flower-beetle crawled, its metallic green and blue wings burning like a spark. Great gnats, with filmy, glittering wings, danced aimlessly above the young golden-rod; burnished crickets, inquisitive, timid, ran from under chips of drift-wood, waved their antennae at us, and ran back again. One by one, the marbled tiger-beetles tumbled at our feet, dazed from the exertion of an aerial flight, then scrambled and ran a little way, or darted into the wire-grass, where great brilliant spiders eyed them askance from their gossamer hammocks.

Far out at sea the white gulls floated and drifted on the water or sailed up into the air to flap lazily for a moment, and settle back among the waves. Strings of black surf ducks passed, their strong wings tipping the surface of the water; single wandering coots whirled from the breakers into lonely flight toward the horizon.

(To be continued.)



THE STORY OF A HEART.

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

EVER since he could remember, Preston had determined to be a physician, and always in this determination it was the heart which had most interested him—that strange human heart, with its two valves, its cords, its nerves, its muscles, its subtle, unconscious intelligence, as of one who hypnotized, performs marvelous, beneficent or wicked feats without knowing what he is about! The bare medical description of it fascinated him. "The muscle which is the seat of life in animals, the blood being sent by its contraction over every part of the body." This definition, as of a crimson fountain, seemed to him beautiful. He had wished as a child that his breast might be transparent, so that pulling aside his little shirt he could see the rich tide spurting lavishly through the thirsty veins. He wished to master its secret, its mystery; to compel it, as it were, to yield to him its confidence and to tell him the causes of its ailments, its chagrins. He loved, also, its spiritual aspect, and searched through different dictionaries for an exact rendering of what he wished. He found that it meant vitality, vigor, strength, power, efficacy—the inner part of anything, the center, the seat of the will, or of the affections and passions; mind, affection, love, liking, inclination; even reward—and so on through countless interpretations.

When he was eight years old, he had gone to a hog-killing just to persuade a negro "killer" to open one of the freshly slaughtered beasts that he might possibly see the working of its heart.

He never forgot the strange, barbarous scene. It was in December, the fields bleak with snow. His old negro nurse had waked him long before day, and thrust him shivering into his clothes, giving him a mug of hot milk to drink while he buttoned his jacket and stamped his feet into his india-rubber boots. He remembered exactly every impression produced upon him. The stars had looked like great drops of trembling quicksilver, just ready to splash from the inverted pewter-spoon of the sky. The

trees, the ice-coated shrubs, the lank weeds had seemed dripping with ink ice in the vague light. Now and then the quick-trotting horses which drew the farm wagon, coughed and tossed their heads against the wavering triangle of light that floated before them, disclosing in the ploughed fields to right and left short earth-waves crested with snow, the glare of frozen water over yellow puddles, the contorted outline of a snake fence—the ribs of some creeper-sagged gate.

As they drove from behind the angle of the overseer's house, the square oblong of the immense bonfire confronted them. Its roaring flames and smoke made a pinkish vapor in the gray hollow above, through which great sparks streaked their way. This fire consisted of a layer of wood about two feet deep, then a layer of stones, and so on alternately until it had risen to a height of about five feet. Around it the dark figures gathered with fantastic cries and leapings. Preston thought they looked like enormous black letters dancing into words before the rippling sheet of fire.

Some yards beyond was the hog pen, a space of about thirty feet, inclosed by a post and rail fence. From it there issued, in a terrible stridor, the shrilling screams of the terrified hogs, the brutal oaths of the butchers, the exultant howls of the torch-bearers, who had climbed upon the fence and were waving back and forth their knots of fat lightwood, streaming with smoke and flames. In the pen below, the warm blood bubbled and oozed about the cowhide boots of the struggling men and the small, frenzied hoofs of the terrified brutes. From the throat, already slit, poured a thick, rich crimson, accompanied by a gurgling, clucking murmur as of choking. Caught and thrown upon their backs, the poor beasts shrieked and struggled, making vain efforts with their fat bodies and short legs to free themselves, and almost pulling over upon them their torturers, who slipped and skated about on the drenched floor as though upon scarlet ice. The rest of the drove huddled, grunting, panting, striv-

ing, in distant corners of the pen, their muddy, corpulent backs and heaving flanks showing brownly in the orange torch glare. In supreme contrast to all this, one long, pale, placid rift of onyx-gray gleamed across the east.

Then how his own heart had thumped, when at last his especial friend, Uncle Reuben Miner, had split open a freshly slaughtered hog, and he had knelt to examine its naked heart in the fluttering light. He had seen an oblong, glistening mass, in shape and color not unlike an egg-plant, and two whitish-gray things, shaped like bats' ears, which had opened and closed once or twice, sending forth jets of blood. The horror of the scene was all gone for him. He had actually seen a yet warm heart in the last throes of muscular action.

Afterward, when they piled the ox-carts with the yet palpitating bodies, and carried them to the huge wooden tubs or boilers for scalding, he had ridden upon Uncle Reuben's shoulder, exultant, interested, not in the least disgusted. He watched the men scoop up the red-hot stones in their long-handled iron spades, tilt them hissing into the tubs of water, and then step back, while the great clouds of steam rushed up and the disturbed water splattered fiercely in all directions. Again and again they did this, until they appeared like stolid devils throwing fiery dice for the limp carcasses piled in the ox-carts nearby.

Afterward the dead hogs were swashed through the boiling water and laid upon a wooden scaffolding, where the men scraped the hair from the sodden flesh with short wooden-handled knives or bits of rough board. Others then opened, cleaned and hung them by skewers thrust through the tendons of their hind legs upon horizontal poles. The carcasses, stretched wide by other skewers, gleamed afresh, streaked red in the growing dawn-light, the hairless flesh quickly stiffening, glowed with an opal rosiness, while into these yawning bodies were dashed buckets full of cold water, which, trickling down about the dangling heads, formed fantastic pendants of icicles. Now, beyond this strange, half-pathetic, half-bathetic fringe of glistening corpses, the great sullen, dark-red round of the sun began to burn through the gray cloth of

the sky, and a strong wind blowing suddenly, made the long poles creak beneath their swaying freight.

No matter where, or with whom, Preston afterward saw a red sunrise, he remembered those helpless shapes and the scene of slaughter that had gone before.

It was more the phlegm of childhood than a lack of nerves that had carried him through this scene however, because his first months in the dissecting-room were absolute torture to him. It was not until a year had passed that he could look at a pretty woman without seeming to see through her smooth skin, polished with health and beauty, the strange ingenious mechanism over which ruled that wizard—the heart. He was sensitive, morbid, fastidious, and it seemed to him a pity, in spite of his love for his profession, that women could not be made of flower leaves and dew. The material side of life pressed suddenly upon him, and he fancied that even roses must look coarse to the tiny creatures that lived upon their blossoms.

It was in this mood that he entered a hospital, where he was to study under a great authority the various aspects of heart disease. Decidedly the most complicated and absorbing case in the ward was that of a young girl named Mysie Hope. She was a creature, small, delicate, perfect in her imperfection, as the little dwarf fruit which sometimes attaches itself to a ripe grape. Her hair, blonde, thick, vivid, was cut short and curled in a pretty hollow from its pointed cow-lick above the white band of forehead. Her eyes, large and blue, seemed to be feathered softly like a moth's wing when one approached them closely in the white light from the window opposite. In them were streaks of orange and black, which gave them variety. Two ovals of a bright pink, defined and intense as the sun mark on a peach, burnt on either cheek, and her pretty, firm lips were generally dry and formed little creases as of crumpled silk when she was not talking or laughing—for she was apparently of a gay temperament.

All day she lay there quietly, either quite still, with her eyes shut and her thoughts painting magic pictures against the curtains of her lids—or else busily engaged in making paper dolls, which

she did to perfection. Every child in the hospital owned one of Mysie's paper dolls, which were not the ordinary flat, dull cardboard puppets, but little beings made of many folds of tissue paper, gay and light as peonies, with their skirts of blue, of yellow, of white, of crimson, their smiling faces all painted by Mysie, and their pretty hoods and cloaks, which you could take off and on as though they had been really sewed. A four-legged wooden tray which was placed across her slight body, as she lay propped up among her pillows, held her water-color box of japanned tin, her camel-hair brushes, her bunches of wire, her little curved scissors and the other fine tools of her pretty trade, and about her was always strewn sheets of different colored tissue paper, which, reflecting upon her chin, sometimes made it a delicate yellow, or a glimmering blue, or a faint lilac, like that of just opened crocuses.

In the long ward, with its pallid array of blue-white beds and wax-white faces, she seemed thus fantastically surrounded by bright tints like a little glimpse of spring in a winter lane. Preston soon discovered that he was not the only one whom she attracted. Each student found some excuse to dawdle for a word or two with Mysie, and her store of tissue paper, of wire, of colors, was never exhausted. In spite of her popularity, however, she was as shy as a butterfly, which, pausing with thrilled wings upon a thistle tuft seems not to notice your presence until the shadow of your hand falls upon it—when at once it rises and is away.

As long as one treated her like a child, she was open, simple, ready to laugh, and be laughed with—but did any one try to go deeper, to understand her mental as well as her physical heart—she seemed to congeal, to withdraw. She had all the Scotch reserve and lack of humor, and was as serious over her frail dolls as though she had been a modeler in clay of profound ideas.

The more that Preston desired to obtain the secret of that master muscle, which one could sometimes see stirring the coarse white night gown over her breast, the more there grew within him a longing to possess himself also of the mystery of its spiritual prototype. He was

convinced that the child had other thoughts than those furnished by her paper dolls, and one day he told her this. She appeared startled, but answered him.

"Why do you think that?" she said.

"Because," replied Preston, "you have the look upon your face of a person who lives in two worlds."

The blue of her eyes contracted to a narrow band—she gazed at him as though he were a magician.

"Well, listen. I will tell you about it," she breathed after a while. "You see, I must have been ill ever since I was born, only no one knew about it. That made me queer and different, I suppose. Other children didn't like me, and I didn't care for them; and mother was too busy to notice me much—and it was lonely, lonely, lonely! I can't explain to you. I used to think if all the stars were to go out but one, and it had only the darkness to talk to, it would feel something like I did. I couldn't get along with anybody. I used to catch hold of mother's hand and squeeze and squeeze it, and press close up to her, and the closer I got the further away I'd feel somehow. I wanted somethin' without knowin' what it was. When I saw the sea for the first time I cried an' cried, an' they thought I was frightened. But I wasn't. I was glad! But somehow I went on wantin', an' I couldn't play with dolls like other girls, because it was so awful to see them stare an' stare an' never say a word. I buried all my dolls one day, and mother found it out an' slapped my hands and dug 'em up an' gave 'em to my cousin Effie. I used to pretend they were ghosts then, an' somehow I liked 'em better. But one day I was thinkin' an' thinkin', and I thought a prayer without meanin' it. I thought 'Dear God, I'm so tired of bein' alone, do please help me.' And then I went on thinkin', an' I thought out a beautiful little ledgy. I thought her out, bit by bit, just as I make my paper dolls. I said, 'Why, she's got lovely, crimply yellow hair,' an' then she did have it! An' I said, 'She's got great, beautiful blue eyes, like the glass buttons on Minnie's Sunday gown'—an' she *did* have! An' I went on like that, till I'd thought out her dress an' everything. It was a pink silk, an' it has gone on growin' with

her. I can't change it, somehow. Did you ever try to put yourself asleep, by thinkin' somebody was swingin' an apple round an' round on a string? They begin to swing it round one way, and then you try to think 'em into swingin' it the other, and somehow you can't, an' it puts you to sleep. Well, it's like that with Miss Lily's dress. I can't get it off—an' I'm so afraid she'll have to be married in it. Well, then I thought out two sisters for her, an' a mother, an' a father. An' I used to think of 'em every day until they got to livin', an' I wasn't lonely any more. They used to talk to me, an' be with me. Miss Lily's sitting there on the bed by you this minute. Now, I've told you this, because I know you'd never tell anybody in all the world, an' because I want you for Miss Lily's sweetheart. An' I thought I ought to ask you 'bout it."

She paused and looked at him anxiously. Preston was touched to the heart. He took up the dry little hand, from the forefinger and thumb of which dangled the curved scissors, and kissed it gently. He did not make the mistake that most others would have done, and perhaps it was through some subtle instinct that the child, feeling this, had bared her heart to him. There was something unutterably desolate in the thought that this delicate, shrinking creature, out of sheer loneliness, had been compelled to create for herself a world in which she could act and speak without fear of being misunderstood.

"Will you be Miss Lily's sweetheart?" asked Mysie, anxiously breaking the long silence.

"Indeed, I will, dear"—said Preston. "I know she's good and lovely, and that we'll be very happy. Shall I bring some wedding cake next time?"

"You might bring some flowers first," was the wistful suggestion; "some all little an' white an' growin' in a pot. Miss Lily hates to cut off flowers, just like I do, an' I'll tell her what you said. But I forgot; she's promised to go with me when the day comes."

"Dear Mysie! I hope that's a long, long way off."

"No; it's near," said the child gravely. "My heart says all night—soon Mysie, soon Mysie. What does a heart look like—exactly—Dr. Preston?"

"But why, dear?"

"I don't know. It seems so wonderful that everything should depend on it so. And that we can't stop it, or make it go. I think of a little brownie in a red jacket working a pump handle; and he says, 'so tired, so tired.' It makes me tired just to listen to him, but, of course, I know that couldn't be, an' it isn't at all like what I feel for Miss Lily. I do hope you understand that, Dr. Preston."

"Oh, indeed, I do!" Preston assured her. "And she shall have the flowers this evening."

They spoke often of "Miss Lily" after this interview. Preston was made acquainted with her moods, her peculiarities, her likes and dislikes. It is doubtful if a fiancé ever knew so thoroughly the character of his future wife, and he had his wish, figuratively, concerning Mysie's heart, for it was taken naked from her breast and laid before him. All the pent-up thoughts, sorrows, conjectures, dreads, hopes, passions of childhood and girlhood were poured out to him in a ceaseless rush. He was always gentle, comprehending and full of sympathy.

One evening, toward twilight, as he rose to leave her, she lifted both hands with a quick movement of imploring.

"Stop—I must tell you," she said.

"Yes, dear. But lie down; don't get so excited. Now, tell me."

"In your ear then—close—closer."

"Yes—"

"I am—jealous—of—Miss Lily!"

"O Mysie dear! I love you a thousand times better."

"But, Miss Lily! it will break her heart."

"Why no, dear child. Miss Lily is reasonable, if anything."

"But it seems dreadful. A man must love his wife more than anything else. I think of it all the time."

Preston did not dare remind her that, after all, "Miss Lily" was only a creation of her own brain.

"I tell you what!" he exclaimed suddenly. "I've thought for a long time that Miss Lily was in love with some one else. She's been awfully cold with me for a week."

"Oh, has she!" exclaimed the girl, divided between relief and reproach.

"As I live, she has!" Now, suppose

you don't force her into marrying me! I'm sure she doesn't want to."

"And you really love me best?"

"Millions."

"Well, good-night. I'll think about it. Good-night."

The next week came Christmas, and Preston went into the country to spend the holidays at his own home. Every few days he wrote a letter to Mysie, inclosing a short note for Miss Lily. On New Year's eve he sent her a growing rose-tree, splendid with crimson blossoms. The card tied to it said that he would soon be in town again; that each of the roses carried her a loving wish for the New Year, and that the pink satin box of bonbons was for Miss Lily, who had confided to him that she owned a sweet tooth.

On his return, he was rushing upstairs with a fresh pot of primroses in his arms, when one of his friends met him and said excitedly:

"You'd better come along with me.

There's an awfully interesting lecture going on; wouldn't miss it for anything."

So putting the primroses on a window ledge, Preston followed the other into the lecture-room. He was soon absorbed in the case in question, and waited eagerly for his turn to examine the heart, which was being handed from student to student on a platter. As it passed into his hands, the following sentence was uttered in the distinguished man's clear, well-balanced voice:

"This case is one of a thousand; you will see by the most casual examination of the left valve, that——"

But at the same moment he heard a whisper. It was from the man standing next him, and these were the words:

"It's poor little Mysie's heart—did you know it?"

A blackness, soft and warm and thick like plush, seemed muffling down upon him. It was Mysie's heart he was holding in the platter.



WATER-LILIES.

BY ARTHUR WILLIS COLTON.

OUR boat drifts idly on the listless stream,
 And water-lilies brush its bulging side;
 In feeble wavings do the waters gleam,
 Like the pale sleeper's pulse before he died.
 Reach me that water-lily floating near;
 Its sullen roots give way with dull regret,
 And now it lies across your fingers, dear,
 Long, glistening in the sunlight, green and wet.
 See the gold heart emerging from the dew,
 Folded in petals of the purest white;
 Look! through this stem in silent hours it drew
 Its fragrance from deep waters out of sight,
 And searching in the river oozes cold,
 Found something that was neither ooze nor mold.

IN THE WORLD
OF
ART AND LETTERS.



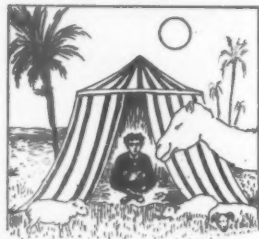
THE Month Out of England.—Writing in a tent on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, where there is no whisper of the world and its doings, where Abraham still pastures his flock and Rebecca still goes to the well with her pitcher on her shoulder, I find a certain difficulty in chronicling the movement of literature in England. Sidney Smith, when everybody was reading some voluminous success, used to observe that he would wait a few years in the hope that it would blow over. A similar hope sustains me at this moment. If the month in England has produced any literary prodigy, by next month it may have "blown over." But if it is a fixed star that has risen, there will be plenty of time to observe it.

Meantime I take the opportunity of jotting down a few literary ana that have struck me in my travels.

For the lover of poetry there are few more sacred spots than the grave of Keats. The spot itself—in the Protestant cemetery at Rome—overlooked by a quaint pyramid and fragrant with violets, is still as beautiful

as Shelley sang; but it was rather a jar to the feelings to find the visiting card of a minor English poet gleaming genteelly amid the flowers.

I smiled and passed by; but, curiously enough, an enthusiastic American girl whom I met a week later at Sorrento told me that she had come upon the same card and, revolted by the juxtaposition of such a poet and Keats, she had torn the pasteboard from the grave and ground it under her heel. But there remains in this Mecca of poetry an eyesore which not even she could sweep away. On the back of the tombstone erected in memory of Arthur Severn, the noble-hearted friend who sleeps beside the poet, are carved the names of all who subscribed to erect it—a strange farrago of celebrities and nonentities, the most grotesque, if the least blatant, being "An



admirer, *per* Peter Jones," or something of the sort. Where can have been the sense of humor of those who allowed themselves to be thus perpetuated in a subscription list?

"Sweet are the uses of advertisement." There is an hotel in Amalfi where the proprietor has proudly hung up in a frame a letter from Ibsen. It is in a beautiful hand and in excellent Italian, and testifies to the comfort the great Norwegian found in that hotel. As I believe Ibsen wrote "Peer Gynt" or "Brand" in these parts, it is interesting to learn that he was physically comfortable when he produced these uncomfortable works; but as it appears that all this happened more than twenty years ago, while the letter was written only five years ago, it suggests the amusing reflection that it took the Italian innkeeper fifteen years to discover that he had entertained an angel unawares. And Ibsen's memory must be Gladstonian. Still his admirers may be glad to know that they can occupy his very suite of rooms—I can recommend the view myself—and the innkeeper may be glad to know that the Mrs. Schreiner who lately occupied it is also a literary celebrity. With some people it would be dangerous for landlords to wait fifteen years. They may "blow over."

I do not think, by the way, there is any living English writer with a European position. We seem to be too literally insular in our methods, and the narrow strip of channel suffices to cut us off from the general thought of Europe. Since Byron we have been without a voice in "the parliament of nations," and if only for the fact that Byron is still a name to conjure with abroad, the present "boom" in him would be justified. At Milan I saw a demonstration in favor of Crete, and there was a special journal published for the occasion, encouraging the Greeks to be true to the spirit of Byron. Our later writers would hardly pervade Europe at all but for the eternal Tanchnitz, who merely provides the Englishman abroad with articles for which he would have to pay twice the price at home and which he frequently smuggles home. At Cairo, I found not only Tanchnitz in great force, but also "The Colonial Libraries" of various English publishers. These gentlemen seemed to have settled off-hand the political problem which has been agitating Europe, and have constituted Egypt an English colony. "Oh, le perfide Albion!" as France would say.

Will not some author whose books should be selling along the Nile in the dearer English editions call for the impeachment of these Egyptian Rhodeses and Jamesons? At Jerusalem the chief literature is still written in Hebrew, and a sort of Hebrew Baedeker for Palestine was presented to me by its author. The only newspaper published is in the same sacred tongue, and the tiny daughter of the editor lisps in the language of the Old Testament, which is at this moment being vigorously cultivated all the world over. It is enough to make the mummy of Pharaoh sit up in his case in the Cairo museum.

I. ZANGWILL.





THE Bankruptcy of Science is a phrase that has lately become current in French periodicals, and has already crossed the ocean. It is a misleading phrase, and its circulation in this country is not likely to do any good. Its origin has been attributed to the brilliant lecturer on poetry who came to this country not long ago at the invitation of the Johns Hopkins University. But he is not its author. He used the phrase, but he used it in quotation

marks. He used it with effect, for he awakened a lively opposition among the men of science in Paris, who did not enjoy his assaults upon the position that some of them had assumed. Apparently they would give to science the place now occupied by religion and literature.

This metaphorical phrase is obviously taken from the mercantile world. A bankrupt is one who cannot pay his debts, whose place of business is disgraced. Bankruptcy is failure to meet one's obligations. But a merchant cannot fail unless he owes something—unless he has made promises that he cannot fulfil. Science owes nothing; science has given no promises; science does not recklessly prophesy, and when it does foretell, its anticipations are based upon exact data, capable of verification—witness the planet Neptune and the element Argon. Science is not a person, nor a corporation, nor an institution; it is not an academy nor a university. It is an abstract term, which grows more and more definite as civilization advances. It means the sum of accurate, systematized knowledge—of ascertained truths—as any doubter may discover if he will consult the citations of a standard lexicon in French or English. Science is advanced by men of learning, skill, accuracy, care. They may propose hypotheses; they may make mistakes; they may fail in their promises; they may be bankrupt. But science goes steadily onward. It has no more failed than knowledge has failed.

It should be noted here that in this discussion the word science is restricted to mathematics, logic and the knowledge of the phenomena of nature. It is often extended to law, economics, history, ethics, philology and theology; but the tendency is more and more to limit it to mathematical, physical and natural science. It is this species of science that has been declared bankrupt.

Now, is it not possible that much of the controversy would cease if a sharp distinction is made between science and savants; between knowledge and men who are seeking for knowledge; between truths ascertained and recorded and truths imagined and sought for? Is it not also desirable that there should be a recognition of the lines that exist between science and literature, science and religion, science and law, science and conduct?

"Accumulated and established knowledge, which has been systematized and formulated with reference to the discovery of general truths, or the operation of general laws"—a definition of science in a lexicon of repute—becomes constantly more exact, more comprehensive, more minute. The domain of scientific inquiry is enlarged; the methods improve; the instruments are more precise; the principles of investigation are better understood; but not the most learned man on the globe, nor all the learned men combined, have any right to declare or promise what science

will be or will do. A scientific man may thus speak ; but if he does, he speaks for himself. His promises and expectations are not science.

Misapprehension respecting the nature of science has led to the opposition of two classes of opponents—men of letters and religious men. Men of letters, defending, as they should, the worth of literature, are prone to speak of science as if its pursuit was inglorious, if not degrading ; as if there was no "culture" in it ; as if the men of scientific training were quite inferior in their education to those who have had the classical discipline. In colleges the scientific courses and the scientific degrees have not always, have not generally, been regarded as equal in rank to those of "the college proper." This, by the way, is in face of the acknowledged fact that many of the very best writers of the day are found among scientific investigators. It is also true that science is not belles-lettres. A mathematical formula, a botanical description, an account of physical experiments, a treatise on bacteria, admits of no ornamentation ; of no rhetoric ; of no poetry. Its language is cold, clear, precise, orderly. The same man may write in different styles for different purposes. Huxley, as a lay preacher, is a man of letters, a rhetorician ; as an investigator, he is a man of science. When he writes in the capacity of a scientific observer, recorder and reasoner, his language, like his balance or his microscope, is an instrument of precision. It says "so ;" not "about so."

Religious men are afraid of science very often, and in the pulpit they sometimes condemn it, as if it were the foe of all that is good. First they personify it ; then they clothe it ; then they attack it. Yet they, nevertheless, in many cases (happily not as frequently as in the last generation) forget that the domain of science is wholly different from that of religion ; the realm of knowledge is not the realm of faith. In the natural, if not in the moral sciences, if we know, we know, we can prove, we can verify, we can test ; if we do not know, we can search, we can investigate, we can hope, we can believe. We can have reason for our beliefs so satisfactory and so almost certain that our lives and conduct may be governed thereby. Science in many cases depends on beliefs. To give the strongest possible example : we believe that the sun will rise to-morrow. All our experience assures us that it will. But we do not know that it will. We do not know that its existence is enduring.

It must also be borne in mind that science is not morality. It does, indeed, reveal the evils that proceed from a violation of nature's laws. Its discoveries point out many alleviations and some remedies for human misery ; but science must not be confounded with ethics. It does not deal with conduct.

Why should anybody, even in the arena of philosophical debate, "make fun" of science? Why should anybody attack science as if it were brewing mischief to the ideas and traditions upon which our civilization is based? Science is harmless. It is beneficent. Every important advance brings in its train great good to humanity. Consider a single region—the domain of medicine and surgery—and think what good has come from inoculation, anæsthesia and antiseptics. Look elsewhere for other benefits. Think of the intellectual emancipation which has followed in its train. Then be full of hope for humanity, for science is here to stay—science, the synonym for established truths in the natural world ; science, the interpreter of the cosmos in which we dwell ; science, the promoter of health and comfort ; science, not the foe, but the handmaid, of that true religion which cometh down from above.

D. C. GILMAN.



THE Horseless Carriage Has Arrived.—Early in 1896

THE COSMOPOLITAN, believing that the horseless carriage was destined to revolutionize city and country transit, offered a prize of three thousand dollars for the best motor vehicle. The trial took place on May 30th at the Ardsley Country Club, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, and the occasion was deemed of such importance that the General of the Army ; President Thompson, of the Pennsylvania Railway Company ; President Depew, of the New York Central ; John Jacob Astor, Esq. ; Vice-President Webb, and Brigadier-General Craighill, Chief of Engineers United States

Army, consented to act as THE COSMOPOLITAN judges. The exhibits then made left much to be desired, and not a few of the observers were of the opinion that the era of horseless carriages was in a somewhat distant future.

Scarcely nine months had elapsed, following THE COSMOPOLITAN'S award, when horseless cabs were moving through the streets of New York, for hire. Before eleven months had passed the Pope Manufacturing Company, which was the pioneer in the evolution of the bicycle, announced that the stage of experiment with them in horseless carriages had been passed, and that they stood ready to present to the public an electric carriage, cheap of operation, safe in build, easy of direction and elegant of form.

Those who accepted an invitation to Hartford to witness a test of the new vehicle went with much of hesitation and something of doubt. The day proved unpropitious, and the streets of Hartford were inches deep in mud. However, the appearance of the carriages was reassuring. They were not shapeless forms, with machinery projecting at unexpected places. Elegant in design and evidently of superior materials, they carried the conviction of a problem slowly and laboriously worked out to a successful finish.

"Thirty miles without recharging; sixteen miles an hour; stop within one and one-half lengths of the carriage—that is, within about fifteen feet; machinery so simple that a woman or young boy may handle it; a cost of one and one-fourth cents per mile, expense of motive power"—these were the claims which were made by Mr. Eames, the general manager of the company, and Mr. Maxim, the expert.

The visitors, availing themselves of the invitation to personally guide the carriages, put them through the roughest handling. At sharp angles over car tracks standing high above the mud, up steep grades and then at full speed down, with the full strength of the brake suddenly applied, turning at close quarters and backing immediately after

applying the brake—in short, every difficult test was applied with most satisfactory results.

Unfortunately, the style of carriage exhibited by Colonel Pope is of too expensive a character to meet the demand of the general public. It undoubtedly solves the problem of the horseless carriage so far as an ideal carriage is concerned. The next step in this advance, which is destined to have such an important influence, not only upon our domestic comfort and economy, but upon the civilization of the century, will be the perfection of a low-priced motor, giving to the general public the advantages now accruing to the few from the Pope carriage. This solved we will have, as has already been predicted in these pages, a revolution in city control. One of the chief causes of corruption in city affairs rests to-day on the political necessities of rich tramway companies. Asphalt pavements and cheap motor carriages taking the passenger from the curbstone will dispense with all the street-cars, except those underground or overhead lines which traverse long distances at great speed.

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.





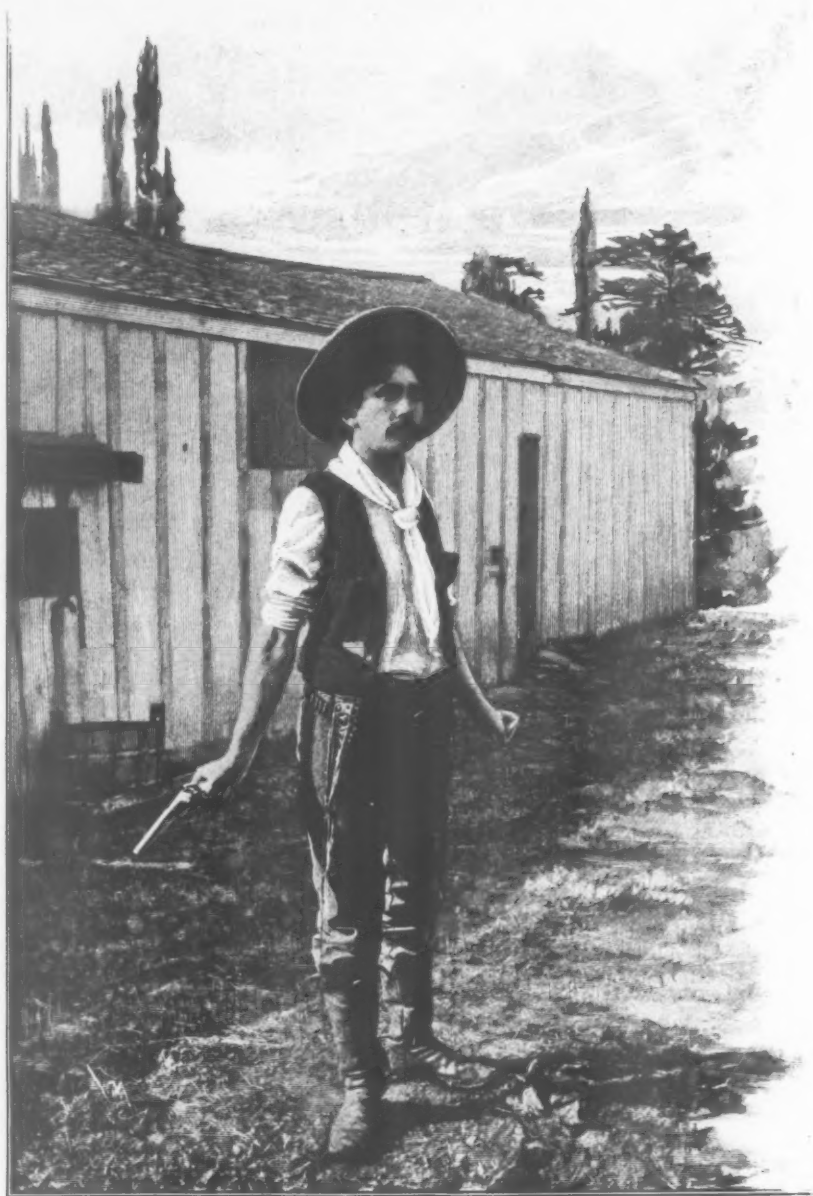
"THE WRESTLER."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY FROM LIFE BY CURTIS.



PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY ROCKWOOD.



"DEVOTION."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY CURTIS.



"DEFIANCE."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY EDWIN R. JACKSON.



Drawn by Eric Pape.

"QUICKLY PERISHED AMID THE STORM OF ARROWS."

(See page 419.)